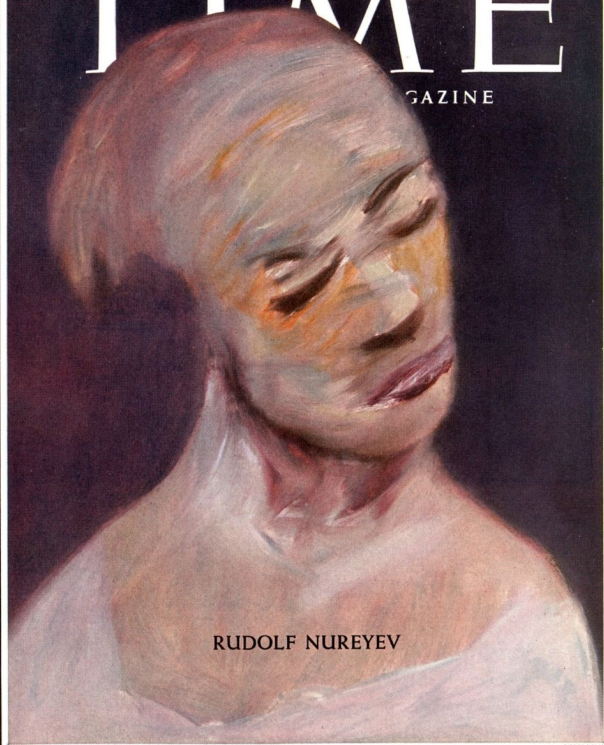


THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 16, 1965

TIME

GAZINE



RUDOLF NUREYEV

VOL. 85 NO. 16

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

To test how a car's axle holds up, we give it full throttle with one rear wheel on the road, the other spinning in a trough of water--to create an 80-mph difference in wheel speeds.



When this Pontiac Bonneville moves out of the trough and the wheel that's spinning hits the track and puts a shock-load on the axle, you can almost tell from the noise alone that here's one of the roughest routines ever conceived to test a car's differential assembly.

At our proving ground in Michigan, we put a car through this not just once but 40 times—abuse it longer and harder than you probably would if your car were stuck with one wheel up against a curb

and the other on a patch of ice and you were gunning the engine to get out.

Then we remove the axle, to study the differential assembly part by part. And this is only one of many tests we do on axles, to prove our cars the long way, the hard way, the right way.

Starting long before production.

Because there is no surer way to make a GM car worth more to you. When you buy one and, very likely, when you trade it in.

Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac • With Body by Fisher



**General Motors cars
are proved all around.**

All around the clock, all around the calendar, all around the country, all around the car.

Meet The Round Tire!



It rolls at least 3,000 miles further.

If you think all tires are perfectly round you've got another tire coming. The Atlas **PLYCRON*** Tire. It's rounder. And roundness is only one reason it rolls at least 3,000 miles further than even the tires that come on most new cars.

Atlas has a much rounder mold! What makes it rounder? A rounder mold. A precision engraved mold that's within 3/1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30/1000 of an inch.

Small difference? Maybe. Until you

think how many millions of times a tire turns a year. Then that difference adds up, for rounder tires roll more smoothly, wear more evenly.

Cord strength, wrap-around tread, many other things are important, too. The point is, only a tire this carefully built can give you those extra miles.

At least 3,000 more miles!

The toughest possible driving tests

prove you can expect at least 3,000 more miles from The Round Tire—more if you're an average driver.

Want more miles? Make The Round Tire your tire!

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PLYCRON**

THE ROUND TIRE THAT ROLLS 3,000 MILES FURTHER

Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations • Atlas Tires • Batteries • Accessories

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have to live in his
warehouse to
keep a customer
fully stocked."**

**Idea: Encourage customers
to call in reorders "Collect"
between salesmen's visits.**

With a Call Collect program, your customer's telephone becomes a "live-in" salesman. Your customer simply makes periodic inventories, then dials his orders to you.

By phone, you can suggest additions or substitutions, and even presell new lines or products in advance of your salesman's visit.

There are other ways Long Distance can help your business. Let our communications consultant tell you about them. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask to have him contact you.



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Talk things over, get things done... by Long Distance!

1879 Four-Dollar Gold Pattern
struck by the U. S. Mint but not approved for issue. From the
National Bank of Detroit Money Museum.



**There's money in the Midwest
that no one ever spent.**



**There's money in the Midwest
that businesses haven't begun to spend.**

It's at the National Bank of Detroit.
Which is your good fortune. For you'd be
hard pressed to find another bank the
country over with our combination of men
and money. And they're both readily avail-
able no matter where you're located.



Our men are resourceful. Our re-
sources considerable. Over two billion
dollars in assets make the National Bank
of Detroit one of the largest, most sub-
stantial banks in America. Let us put
these resources to work for you.

NATIONAL BANK OF DETROIT

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Resources: In excess of \$2,000,000,000 Capital Funds: In excess of \$190,000,000

HOW TO AVOID AN ONCOMING WINDSHIELD

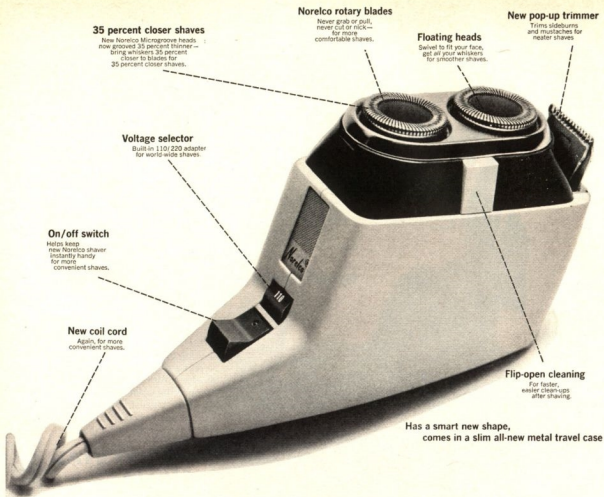
The next time you have an automotive seat belt in your hands, take a good look at the buckle. Simple enough for a child to operate. Yet strong enough to withstand 6000 pounds of sudden, tearing force.

Because human safety's at stake, full-alloy steel is entrusted with this task. It's designed to withstand such forces—again and again and again.

We know, because one McLouth full-alloy steel is used for just that purpose. Its strength, formability, and tough, attractive finish make it ideal for the most difficult requirements.

And, McLouth full-alloy steel is made without red tape. So we'll usually be speeding your order to you before others can finish their paperwork.





35 percent closer shaves

New Norelco Microgroove heads—now grooved 35 percent thinner—bring whiskers 35 percent closer to blades for 35 percent closer shaves.

Norelco rotary blades

Never grab or pull, never cut or nick—for more comfortable shaves.

New pop-up trimmer

Trims sideburns and mustaches for neater shaves.

Floating heads

Swivel to fit your face, get all your whiskers for smoother shaves.

Voltage selector

Built-in 110/220 adapter for world-wide shaves.

On/off switch

Helps keep new Norelco shaver instantly handy for more convenient shaves.

New coil cord

Again, for more convenient shaves.

Flip-open cleaning

For faster, easier clean-ups after shaving.

Has a smart new shape, comes in a slim all-new metal travel case

New Norelco Speedshaver is a better way to shave because it has more shaving features than any other shaver.

This Norelco Speedshaver is totally new. Should you buy it just because it's new? No. Take a good look at all those shaving features up there. Then buy this new Norelco shaver for closer shaves. Neater

shaves. More comfortable shaves. Smoother shaves. More convenient shaves. Shaves in foreign lands. In short, buy it for a better way to shave. Isn't that what you've been looking for?

World's largest-selling shaver model.

Popular price Norelco "Flip-Top" Speedshaver® 20. On/off switch, flip-top cleaning, rotary blades.

Shaves anywhere—Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.

Uses ordinary penlight batteries. Zipper case with mirror. Rotary blades. Surprisingly inexpensive. ©1965 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10017

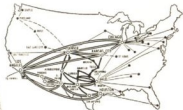
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**We made
our coach seats
as wide as
first class**

Isn't that big of us?

The President of our airline likes lots of room when he travels. So does his wife. So our coach seats are wider. ■ Our meals have to be pretty special, too. So Lucien Dekeyser, the famous European Chef, outdoes himself. ■ Entertainment? Our Golden Marquee Theater wouldn't dare offer anything but the finest first run films available ... plus a choice of classical or modern stereo music. ■ With all this, a coach seat aboard a Continental Golden Jet would certainly seem to be the biggest bargain going. If you doubt it, ask our President. Or your Travel Agent. Or just anybody at Continental.

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AIRLINES**



— GOLDEN JET ROUTES — INTERCHANGE ROUTES
--- VISCOUNT II ROUTES --- CONNECTING AIRLINES

Why \$300 in municipal bond income may be worth \$441 from other investments

One example of tax savings from the Harris Bank's Municipal Bond Division

As the tax table above shows, a man and wife in the \$20,000 tax bracket are just as well off with a 3% yield from tax-free municipal bonds as they would be with 4.41% of regular investment profit.

And the higher the tax bracket, the more valuable tax-free municipal bond income is.

Would you like to know more about this form of investment? The Harris Bank will be pleased to show you a flexible plan to fit your specific needs.

Without obligation, of course.

There are *municipals* and *municipals*, and for 83 years it has been Harris' business to know the difference. As a result, the Harris today is the *Midwest's* oldest and one of the nation's largest underwriters and dealers in *municipals*.

Our bond representatives (in Chicago, New York, San Francisco and St. Louis) have a unique, highly specialized and highly professional knowledge of this important form of investment. A letter, a phone call or a visit to the bank will put them at your service.



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SCHEDULE C (Form 1040)
PROFIT (OR LOSS) FROM

1040
U.S. INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN—1964

SCHEDULE B (Form 1040)
U.S. Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

Part I—PENSION
1. Investment in
2. Expected rate
3. Percentage of
(line 1 divided by
4. Expected rate
5. Cost of new
6. Cost of new
7. Cost of new
8. Cost of new
9. Cost of new
10. Cost of new

Part II—R

TAX-EXEMPT VS. TAXABLE INCOME

Taxable income (joint return)	\$20,000	\$30,000	\$40,000	\$60,000	\$80,000	\$100,000
Tax bracket	32%	39%	48%	55%	58%	62%
Tax-exempt yields... equivalent to the taxable yields given below	2.00%	2.25%	2.50%	2.75%	3.00%	3.25%
	2.94%	3.31%	3.68%	4.04%	4.41%	4.78%
	3.28%	3.69%	4.10%	4.51%	4.92%	5.33%
	3.85%	4.33%	4.81%	5.29%	5.77%	6.25%
	4.44%	5.00%	5.56%	6.11%	6.67%	7.22%
	4.76%	5.36%	5.95%	6.55%	7.14%	7.74%
	5.26%	5.92%	6.58%	7.24%	7.89%	8.55%
	5.92%	6.58%	7.24%	7.89%	8.55%	9.21%
	6.58%	7.24%	7.89%	8.55%	9.21%	9.87%

TAX COMPUTATION

1. Total
2. Net
3. Tax
4. Tax
5. Tax
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 14

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Guest: Dancer Gwen Verdon.

Friday, April 16

FDR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). "All Aid Short of War" takes up the isolation v. intervention debate, Lend-Lease, and Harry Hopkins' mission to London early in 1941.

Saturday, April 17

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (ABC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). Viewers get a chance to scout the opposition out of town: New Yorkers will see Baltimore at Boston; Eastern, Central and Mountain Time zones will get San Francisco at New York; the West Coast scouts Chicago at Milwaukee.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National A.A.U. Women's Indoor Swimming and Diving Championships from City of Commerce, Calif., plus the N.C.A.A. Wrestling Championships from Laramie, Wyo.

Sunday, April 18

EASTER SPECIAL (CBS, 10 a.m. to noon). Folk songs and spirituals by Odetta, and the Easter services at Manhattan's St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, including a medieval mystery play, *The Resurrection*.

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). Live telecast of an Easter Vigil service, an ancient Catholic tradition revived in 1951 by Pius XII, now celebrated for the first time in English, from the Church of St. Gregory the Great in Baltimore.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Britain's rowing spectacular, the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race on the Thames; and the North American Gymnastics Championships in Philadelphia.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Supersonic Jet Race," a report on the multibillion-dollar commercial aviation duel between Europe and the U.S.

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). "Heritage of War," last of a worthwhile series.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Leontyne Price, the Noah's ark scene from John Huston's upcoming film *The Bible*. THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Billy Wilder's 1959 gem *Some Like It Hot*, with Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis as members of an all-girl band.

Monday, April 19

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "United Nations: Beleaguered Fortress" examines 20 years of growth, change and frustration, including the U.N.'s current crisis.

Tuesday, April 20

OUR MAN IN WASHINGTON (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). David Brinkley's second annual report on the doings in D.C.

THEATER

On Broadway

MAURICE CHEVALIER AT 77 is exchanging presents with his audience, and on both sides the gift is love. It takes more than indestructible charm and supershowmanship to hold international theatergoers for more than half a century. It also takes a

good heart, and a good heart, as Shakespeare said, is the sun and the moon.

THE ODD COUPLE consists of a gruff sportswriter (Walter Matthau) and a fuss-budgety newscaster (Art Carney) who share living quarters after losing their wives. Thanks to them, plus Playwright Neil Simon and Director Mike Nichols, this ménage produces a volcanic flow of laughs.

LUV, Nichols at work again. Here Author Murray Schisgal spoofs the couch-prone and their litter-perfect recitations of the Freudian catechism. The combined talents of the director and Actors Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson are eruptively comic.

TINY ALICE. The symbolic heroine of Edward Albee's opaque and pretentious allegory is either God or the absence of God—no one seems to know, but everyone seems to enjoy talking about it, and Sir John Gielgud's performance is an indisputable gem.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. A feline prostitute (Diana Sands) purrs and claws at an above-sex book clerk (Alan Alda) and proves that if you scratch a prude you sometimes find a man.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Zero Mostel, a virtuoso of the mind's merriment and the heart's grief, dominates this wistfully nostalgic musical about a small Jewish community in the Russia of 1905.

Off Broadway

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED. The campy style of this revue rarely finds the cornucopian delight of Cole Porter's lesser-known but invariably worldly-wise, witty and tuneful songs. Kaye Ballard, a supreme clown, heads an irrepressible and attractive cast of five.

JUDITH. The late French dramatist Jean Giraudoux plays Shavian hob with the apocryphal tale of the Jewish heroine who saved Israel by killing the Assyrian general Holofernes. In the title role, Rosemary Harris is tartly, tenderly, elusively and enchantingly feminine.

RECORDS

Jazz

PAUL DESMOND: BOSSA ANTIGUA (RCA Victor). Bossa antigua, which is archaic Portuguese for "old thing" (modern spelling: *antiga*), is the latest version of bossa nova, the now-old new thing. A cool and polished jazzman, Desmond dubs himself "the John P. Marquand of the alto sax," and his inventions are as danceable as Marquand's were readable. Desmond's usual sidekick, Dave Brubeck, is not along; the soft plunking is by Guitarist Jim Hall.

MILES DAVIS: MY FUNNY VALENTINE (Columbia). Occasionally the rhythm section of the quintet surreptitiously swings, but the center of attention is almost continuously Miles's trumpet as it goes its own exploratory way, often filling the air with inconclusive but poetic wisps or skittering gusts. Apart from the title tune, cues for introspection include *All of You*, *All Blues* and *Stella by Starlight*.

LALO SCHIFRIN: NEW FANTASY (Verve). A brassy 18-man band is a virtuoso instrument in the hands of Conductor Schiffrin, who uses it to play his own incendiary ar-

* All times E.S.T.



Abandoned ship manned by ghost crew

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for the *Mary Celeste* produces better insurance for you today

When the spanking brigantine *Mary Celeste* cleared New York Harbor in November of 1872, her destination was Genoa, Italy. But the 10 souls aboard sailed only into oblivion, and tragic fame.

Nearly a month after her departure she was sighted in the mid-Atlantic, sailing on the starboard tack, ghost-like out of the mist. Weather was not severe, and she appeared to be making normal progress.

But there was an alarming quiet about her. When she was hailed, no one answered. When she was boarded, not a person was found. There was ample food and water. The cargo was intact. The ship was absolutely sound. To this day, no one has ever unraveled the mystery of why the passengers and crew of the *Mary Celeste* vanished without a trace.

Five American companies carried the insurance on

the *Mary Celeste* on that fateful voyage. Only one survives today—the Atlantic. As a marine insurer, Atlantic's philosophy of protection has always been to write sound, quality coverage for all insurable risks—and pay claims promptly, fairly and ungrudgingly. This broad-minded approach of always doing what's best for the policyholder has guided Atlantic for 123 years.

What does this mean to you today? Simply this. When you insure your home, your car, your boat or your business with the Atlantic Companies, you can rely not only on the best insurance protection, but you may also expect your claims to be settled in the true tradition of the marine insurer—promptly, fairly and ungrudgingly.

And since we believe that an independent insurance agent or broker serves you best, that's the *only* way Atlantic sells its quality protection.

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Happiness is the Sands...

just a jet flight away from anywhere. Take your place in a dazzling world of endless fun and action. Off with that city pallor! On with a glowing tan! Explore the sun-drenched pleasures of desert, lake and mountain.

Play **free** golf on championship greens. Feast like a king. Discover the brilliant shows that have made the Copa Room an international legend. Swing...or simply unwind. Let us pamper you with the kind of luxurious

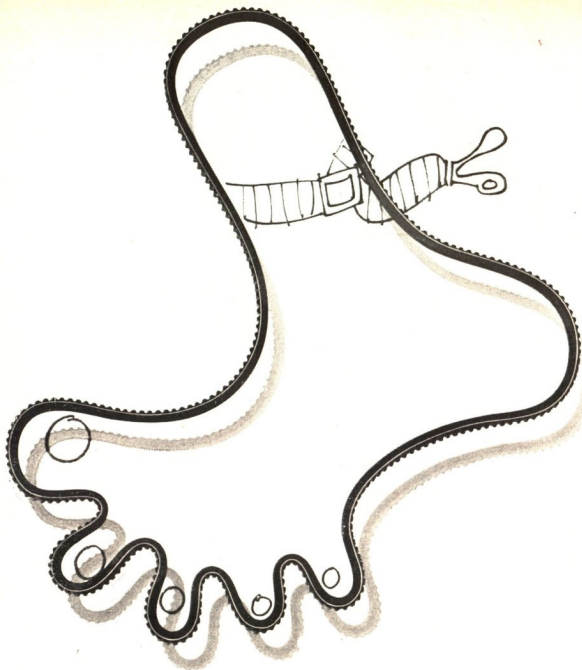
living and service you dream about. Excitement. Carefree adventures. ***Happiness.*** That's living...at The Sands Hotel. Make it your way too. Pick up the phone now and dial for happiness.

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We've run their sox off

Immodest? We admit it. But we have reason to shout. We have sprinted at least two years ahead of competition by developing a smaller, stronger, totally new kind of V-belt.

Gates Polyflex, the power pack V-belt, is narrower, thinner, more flexible and packs more power into smaller space than any other belt ever made for automobiles, appliances and light machinery. And it lasts two to three times longer.

Right now, this wide-angle belt is cutting costs for auto-

mobile and appliance manufacturers. It is giving them competitive advantages and a freedom of design never before possible.

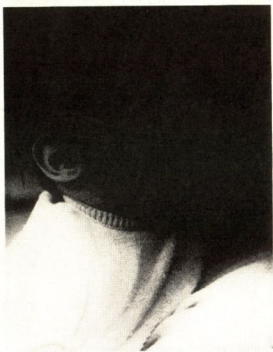
Perhaps these unique advantages of the Polyflex Belt can be applied to your product. Then you can run the sox off your competition. First step: write for descriptive literature—then pass this ad along, recommending *action*. Our address: 999 South Broadway, Denver, Colorado 80217.

The Gates Rubber Company

No. 1 in V-belts and Hose



219-A



**One thing is clear,
you won't goof like this with
the Agfa Optima 500 S.**



It's goof-proof.

If you have a pretty baby, or a nice niece, or a huggable old grandmother, or anyone you'd like to see in pictures, get the Agfa Optima 500 S.

It'll see to it that you take beautiful pictures every time; not just when the sun's out, but at moments when things really look black to you.

The 500 S is a fully automatic camera. No shutter speeds and apertures to dope out. No knobs to forget to turn.

An automatic mechanism does all the thinking for you. It picks the speed (from 1/30 to 1/500 of a second). It picks the lens opening. It tells you when

to shoot. (Signal's green, shoot; signal's red, don't shoot. Simple as that.)

And if, quite suddenly, you want to get a shot of something—say your baby smiling—the 500 S, with its built-in rangefinder, will let you focus on him instantly. Before he starts to cry.

This amazing little camera, with Compur shutter and 4-element lens, is the result of many years of study by Agfa, the second largest maker of photographic equipment in the world.

We came out with our first fully automatic camera back in 1956.

Now, after a considerable amount of fussing, we think we've got the best around. (Photography Buyers' Guide thinks we're pretty good, too.

They gave the 500 S their highest "A Recommended" rating.)

There are two other cameras in the Optima range. The 500, and the 1A. All three come with leather carrying case, flash attachment, and a roll of our remarkable Agfachrome film. They range in price from around \$140 to down around \$80.

They're all goof-proof.



Do we make ourselves clear?



Where to buy an Agfa Optima (and get a free slide viewer, too).

We're giving away an illuminated Agfascope viewer (\$12.95 value) with the purchase of any Optima camera (see advertisement opposite). Check the area list of Agfa dealers below. There's probably one near you.

Stop in and see your dealer. Just for the asking, he'll give you a handy little booklet called "Photography Without Fear". It'll help make a better photographer out of you.



little booklet called "Photography Without Fear". It'll help make a better photographer out of you.

- ILLINOIS**
Belleville — Marvin's Camera Mart
Benton — Borioletto Studio & Camera
Bloomington — Hawkins Studio & Camera Shop
Hawkins United Photo Shop
Breezy — Krebs's Studio & Camera Store
Canton — Atlas Camera Center
Champaign — Erler's Camera Shop
Fairfield — Camera Supply
Chicago — Anchor Camera Stores
All General Camera Stores
Center Camera Co.
Inland Photo Company
Jackson Camera Inc.
Marquette Photo Supply
Mont-lare Camera Co.
Standard Photo Supply
United Camera Co.
Daneville — Phil's Camera Shop
Decatur — Phil's Camera Shop
Freeport — Hartman's Camera Shop
Galesburg — Illinois Camera Shop Inc.
Milwaukee Photo Service
Gilson City — Van's Photo Supply
Harrisburg — Bonnie's Studio & Camera Center
Hinsdale — Hinsdale Camera Center
Jacksonville — The Camera Shop
Loves Park — Lindgren's Camera Center
Kankakee — Clyde's Camera "N" Cards
Macomb — Jack Sittes Pharmacy
Mazon — Walt's Camera Shop
Moline — Prospect Roundshot Camera Shop
Niles — Center Camera Co.
Ofters — Speth Studio & Camera
Palos Heights — Palos Camera
Pekin — The Photogger
Peoria — Peoria Camera Shop
Oak Park — Oak Park Camera Co.
River Forest — River Forest Camera Shop
Rockford — Lindgren's 7th St. Camera
Lindgren's Plaza
Springfield — The Camera Shop Inc.
The Camera Shop
Taylorville — Eddy's Studio & Camera Shop
Urbana — Knowlton & Bennett, Inc.
Waukegan — Caples Photo Co.

- West Frankfort — Jacobs-Lane Co., Inc.
Woodridge — Hicks Camera Repair & Sales
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis — Brown's Photo Stores
Century Camera Inc.
Jay's Cameras
Parkview Camera
Photo Mill Inc.
Woodcraft Hobby
St. Paul — Brown's Photo Stores
Camera Center
Fisher Photo Supply
MISSOURI
Maplewood — Varis Camera Shop
St. Louis — Avenue Camera Store
Bude's The Click Shop
Krummhauser's Camera
Rebsland Camera Store
St. Louis Photo Supply
WISCONSIN
Beaver Dam — Mac's Hobby Shop
Beloit — Yagla's Photo Shop
Butler — Butler Photo & Variety
Fond du Lac — Fond du Lac Camera Center
Janesville — Midwest Camera
Yagla's
Kenosha — Maxwell's Inc.
Bode's Camera & Photo Supply
Madison — Bernhardt's Camera Center
Photo Center
Metier Photoart House Inc.
Milwaukee — Camera Center
Camera Land
Knoke Camera Co.
La Crosse — Camera Shop
Nelson's Camera Center
Oconomowoc — La Belle Photo & Music Shop
Racine — Wick's Photo Center
Sheboygan — Gene's Camera
Walworth — Walworth Photo
Watertown — Co Mo Photo
Waukegan — Angie's Camera Shop
Wauwatosa — The Dark Room
Wauwatosa Camera Shop
West Allis — West Allis Camera Shop
West Bend — Scholer's Camera

rangements of *The Peanut Vendor* and Khatyachaturian's *Sabre Dance*, as well as specially floating versions of Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* and *The Blues* from Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige Suite*.

MONK (Columbia). Thelonious is in exceptionally high spirits as he leads his quartet and performs his piano sleight of hand on five standards (including *April in Paris*, *That Old Man*). He allows the theme of each to stand up and be quoted, then whisks it away to bring it back in a dozen imaginative disguises. Monk also plays his own *Pannonica*, which is the exotic first name of his friend the Baroness de Koenigswarter.

WAYNE SHORTER: NIGHT DREAMER (Blue Note). Tenor Saxman Shorter writes cosmic prose ("What I'm trying to express here is a sense of judgment approaching") and earthy jazz. After a few sleepy bars, his *Night Dreamer* becomes a swinging somnambulist, and his next five pieces (including *Black Nile* and *Armageddon*), all in the modern, free-wheeling jazz idiom, are also energetic and full-bodied, drummed along insistently by Elvin Jones. **STAN KENTON; WAGNER** (Capitol). Murder! In a misguided effort to infuse new life into jazz, Veteran Bandleader Kenton has arranged excerpts from five Wagnerian operas, of all things. In the course of "artistically splashing tonal and rhythmic color" over them, as the record jacket puts it, he has dismembered and smothered the originals. The macabre results include a stumbling, tin-hoofed *Ride of the Valkyries* and a *Funeral March* that dies on its feet.

CINEMA

IN HARM'S WAY. Director Otto Preminger steers John Wayne, Patricia Neal and a shipshape supporting cast through the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, then into half a dozen slick, interlocking tales of vice, valor and victory in the Pacific.

THE OVERCOAT. An insignificant pen-pusher (Roland Bykov) loses his new overcoat and with it his reason for existence in this small, delicate Russian tragedy based on Gogol's classic story.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. A crackling African adventure story about a stray British orphan (Fergus McClelland) and a fugitive diamond poacher (Edward G. Robinson) whose hideout is the kind of paradise that all boys dream about.

THE TRAIN. Excitement piles up quite literally in Director John Frankenheimer's World War II drama about a trainload of stolen French art, racing toward the German border with Hero Brut Lancaster hot on its wheels.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. The Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein operetta looses a landslide of sentimentality, but its most spectacular effects are achieved by Julie Andrews and the Tyrolean Alps.

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID. As a Parisian servant in a provincial home, Jeanne Moreau smoothly fines her way through a bleak, bitter satire directed by Luis Buñuel (*Jiridiana*).

RED DESERT. A wasteland created by heavy industry pollutes the psyche of a young wife (Monica Vitti) in Director Michelangelo Antonioni's provocative, painterly first color film.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. The exuberant 20-year courtship of a Neapolitan pastryman (Marcello Mastroianni) and his resourceful doxy (Sophia Loren),

who follows the primrose path to the altar.

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. Jack Lemmon, Terry-Thomas and Italy's Virna Lisi brighten some nonsense about a bachelor who wakes up married and rues it.

ZORBA THE GREEK. Memorably cast as the hero of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel, Anthony Quinn tramples the grapes of wrath into the wine of life.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ATATURK, by Lord Kinross. An acute and readable biography of the mercurial autocrat who singlehandedly transformed Turkey from a decadent relic of medieval Byzantium into a modern state.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN, by Christina Stead. This singular novel of family life was considered too intimate when it was first published in 1940. Now, countless case studies later, Miss Stead's distillation of the warfare between neurotic parents rings terrifyingly true.

CASTLE KEEP, by William Eastlake. A medieval castle in the Ardennes is occupied by a decadent count, his child-wife, and a bumbling, boondoggling bunch of G.I.s who find themselves squarely in the path of the German thrust for Bastogne. Interweaving satire, tragedy and gothic mystery, Novelist Eastlake has created a small, surreal masterpiece.

THE FAMILIAR MOSKAT, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. The story of a wealthy Warsaw family, told with richness and scope reminiscent of the great 19th century Russian novels. Singer, too often tagged as "the master of Yiddish prose," ranks among the best contemporary novelists in any language.

LINCOLN'S SCAPEGOAT GENERAL, by Richard S. West Jr. Next to McClellan, the Union's most controversial Civil War general was Benjamin ("Beast") Butler. Like McClellan, he was weak in the field, but he was an efficient military governor of New Orleans and a doughty champion of liberal causes during the Reconstruction.

THE GOLD OF THE RIVER SEA, by Charlton Ogburn. His plot has enough vigor and ingenuity to sustain a three-year television serial, but Novelist Ogburn's most memorable achievement is his depiction of the Amazon, an evocation in the tradition of Mark Twain's Mississippi.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Herzog*, Bellows (1 last week)
2. *Funerals in Berlin*, Gidycz (2)
3. *Hurry Sundown*, Golden (3)
4. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (6)
5. *Holt*, Hailey (5)
6. *The Man, Wallace* (4)
7. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wook (7)
8. *Ski Bum*, Gary
9. *The Ordways*, Humphrey (9)
10. *The Legend of the Seventh Virgin*, Holt (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. *Queen Victoria*, Longford (2)
3. *The Founding Father*, Whalen (3)
4. *The Italians*, Barzini (4)
5. *My Shadow Don't Run*, Sands (5)
6. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (9)
7. *Reminiscences*, MacArthur (6)
8. *Life with Picasso*, Gilot and Lake (7)
9. *Catherine the Great*, Oldenbourg (8)
10. *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, Greenburg



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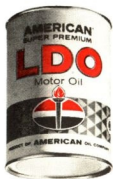
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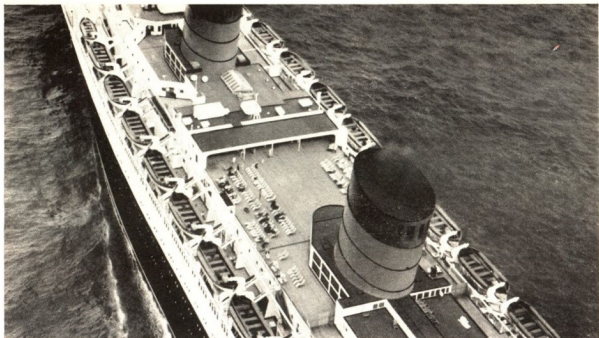
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TIME, APRIL 16, 1965




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LETTERS

Facing Life with Charlie Brown

Sir: Re the expression on Charlie Brown's face: happiness is indeed being on the cover of TIME [April 9].

CHARLES MIHLE JR.

College Park, Md.

Sir: Good grief, you blockheads! It's about time Charlie and friends made your cover. Are they not society in a Peanuts shell? That was a terrific cover and article.

BARBARA L. BILLOWS

New London, Conn.

Sir: I think I speak for the millions of likable, well-meaning guys like myself who continually muddle up everything that they undertake in life, when I say that it was gratifying to see our hero finally make good. Perhaps there is still hope for the rest of us Charlie Browns.

DONALD L. SINGER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: You mention a Negro in an adventure comic strip being rubbed out by the syndicate "for fear of offending Southern readers." In the humorous comic strips this censorship is done in fear of offending not Southern readers but Negro readers. Cartoons are caricatures meant to make people look and act funny. Negroes are now understandably touchy about being depicted thus, so there are very few Negro cartoon characters (other than savages and primitives, and the syndicates have started clamping down on these because of the new African countries). So the cartoonists find himself in a dilemma. If he omits Negroes from his comics, he is discriminating against them, and if he includes them, he is ridiculing them.

DAVE BREGER*

South Nyack, N.Y.

Sir: We have learned never to underestimate the power of *Peanuts*. The Gospel According to *Peanuts* has soared in popularity. Its seventh printing brings the total number of copies in print to 210,000. The book's success has backfired on Author Robert Short. While he has been conveniently putting himself through school on *Peanuts* by giving color-slide lectures on the theological implications in that comic strip, he now finds himself in danger of lecturing himself right out of his Ph.D. program. Receiving so many requests now to "unshell *Peanuts*," he hasn't cracked a book since Christmas!

TADASHI AKAISHI

John Knox Press
Richmond

Sir: Never is Charlie Brown called Charlie! It's like writing Amerigo when you mean Amerigo Vespucci, like saying Edna for Edna St. Vincent Millay. It's like saying Ponce or Genghis or Pontius. Good grief!

(FATHER) CRONAN KELLY, O.F.M.

New York City

Discord on Asia

Sir: The essay "Discrimination and Discord in Asia" [April 9] hits the target, but being a Sindh myself, I can say that Sindhis and Punjabis have been living no less peacefully in the past few centuries than the English and the French.

PAMO K. BHATIA

Ann Arbor, Mich.

* Creator of Mr. Breger.

Sir: Somehow, the point of your essay on Asian hate and discrimination completely escapes me. Despite feeble disclaimers, it smacks of the smug American, caught again in embarrassing racial strife, chortling defensively: "Ah ha! You see, those sanctimonious Asians are just as ugly, prejudiced and hateful as we Americans are!" One wonders whether the American Negro of Selma, Ala., would fully agree with your sweeping judgment that "America's problems are subject to a system of social and legal redress." At best it has been a spotty "system," hundreds of years in coming. There is little pride, and small comfort, in trumpeting with such profundity that other nations' "backyards" are as filled with human hate and discrimination as is ours!

JERRY M. TINKER

Washington, D.C.

Brainy but Mindless

Sir: Artzybasheff's computer [April 2] looks, and probably is, a contemporary Siva, the many-handed god of procreation, conservation, and ultimately destruction.

IGNACE B. BURSTYN

Outremont, Que.

Sir: You will no doubt receive a good many shocked letters assuming that computers are gigantic monsters ready to turn on their creators. I, for one, am perfectly willing to believe that the computer will remain a docile slave. But whose slave is it going to be? As far as I can see, the only people who will not lead an aphid-like existence in the future will be a very small group of scientific experts whose exclusive knowledge and interpretation of the mysteries of the Unfathomable Machine will give them powers far greater than those held by any similar elite in history. I once asked a brilliant mathematician what sort of program he envisioned for the leisurely masses of the modern Hellenic era that he, like Dr. Fein, kept predicting. "Well," he stuttered, "there'd be picnics and lots of good music, and things like that."

U. C. KNOEPFLMACHER

Berkeley, Calif.

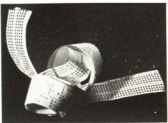
Sir: Your description of computers as "waited upon by crisp, young, white-shirted men who move softly among them like priests serving a shrine" brought smiles to myself and my fellow programmers. At a certain research installation we had a computer that would periodically begin rather violent vibrations whenever the random access unit was used.

This caused us little inconvenience, however, because an unknown computer operator had previously discovered that one swift kick at the center of the random access unit and precisely two feet off the floor would keep the computer still for weeks. Familiarity does breed contempt—even for computers.

(A/2C) ROBERT J. MORALES

Kelley A.F.B., Texas

Sir:



Translation: Congratulations on an excellent article concerning computers. TIME has done it again again again again.

DEC 67 DNZ DR530R74T99 06 37

(RONALD DANZIG)

Chicago

Sir: Here is one more example of the computers' absolute literal-mindedness. A computer was programmed to translate English into Russian and vice versa. On technical articles, where words generally have a very precise meaning, it did fairly well. But it was decided to find out what the machine would do with a more lyrical type of writing. The quotation "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" was fed into the computer, which promptly translated it into Russian and then translated the Russian back into English. The results: "The ghost is ready, but the meat is raw."

LINDA M. MYERS

White Sands Missile Range, N. Mex.

Klannishness

Sir: The Klan was started, as you said [April 9], 100 years ago but, heaven knows, not as a social club for bored Southern gentry. It was formed by leading members of the Southern communities to protect their women and homes from Reconstruction carpetbagger thugs and freed Negroes. Many Negroes returned to their homes or sought work with others, but there were many who, spurred on by crooked politicians and lawmen, raped, robbed and generally browbeat decent citizens. I am a descendant of one of the original Klansmen and have heard of these things all my life. The decent, law-abiding

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Negro was never set upon—only the criminal element. I am not saying that the Klan has never made a mistake. There are mistakes made in the greatest organizations and movements. I do say that Klansmen were right in what they did at the time.

MRS. H. JAY

San Francisco

Gas v. Bullets

Sir: As a tail gunner in the R.A.F. in World War II who was shot down over Nazi Germany in 1943 and imprisoned, may I say that I would rather have a bellyful of nonlethal gas than a bellyful of lead any time! Let us hope that this is mankind's first step toward war that does not kill.

BASIL C. ANDERSON

Trinidad

Sir: Any weapon that removes part of the glamorous, heroic aspect of warfare is a giant step forward toward ultimate peace. If all weapons could be nonlethal, the ridiculousness of war would be truly manifest!

MRS. JAMES L. WHITEHOUSE

Detroit

Legal Murder

Sir: If capital punishment [April 2] is, in fact, a logical method of crime deterrence, then executions should be held in public and should be as grisly as possible. If it is a matter of revenge, then the nearest kin of the murder victim should be allowed to execute the murderer. If, on the other hand, executions are neither vindictive nor deterrent, then they are merely a way to save taxpayers the expense of supporting the cost of life imprisonment of a criminal.

All three excuses are embarrassingly barbaric; the whole issue should have died generations ago.

ANDREW FRANCESCA

New York City

Sir: If individual A murders individual B, then is apprehended and put to death, he cannot kill individuals C, D, E, and so on. The deterrent effect on individual A has been 100%. This is such simple logic that even a sociologist should be able to grasp it.

FRANK L. HOWE

Sun Prairie, Wis.

Sir: The statistics on capital punishment imply unanswered questions. What if Alabama has the highest murder rate per 100,000 people and Vermont the lowest? The rate of murders, especially those stemming from familial passion, might be related to the age composition of the population and the relative number of families in each of these states.

Alabama has a younger population than Vermont's. All other states have more unrelated individuals per 100 families than Alabama. Only four other states have proportionally more unrelated individuals than Vermont.

(MRS.) HELEN PARKE
Statistician

Philadelphia

Culturette & Tar Pitter

Sir: We thoroughly enjoyed your article on the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art [April 2]. Now that you have immortalized us with the title "Culturettes," we may poke out our tongues at all the cynical husbands who have referred to us



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by Dan Lees

Recently I made a boyhood dream come true. I flew an airplane. The experience was more satisfying than I had ever imagined. On the way to the airport I'll admit I was a bit excited. I also wondered if it would take a lot of time, and if I could really afford to learn to fly.

Well, my instructor was more like a golf pro than a teacher. "Relax," he told me. "You'll be surprised at how fast you catch on." My training plane was a new Cessna 150. It's a favorite because its high wing gives it more stability and ideal visibility... and it has the reputation of being the world's easiest-to-fly airplane.

My instructor showed me the controls, ailerons, elevator, and rudder. He explained exactly how they controlled the airplane.

I took the pilot's seat on the left, just like my car.

My instructor explained the airspeed indicator, which is like my car's speedometer, and the hand throttle which controls the engine speed. I started the engine.

Taxiing the plane is simple. You steer with your feet on the rudder pedals. At first I over-controlled. "Always be gentle

with the controls... relax, be smooth and easy," he said. I stopped short of the runway and my instructor called the tower for clearance to take off.

Then, I taxied onto the runway and pushed in the throttle for full power. I held the dual control wheel to feel what my instructor did to take off.

Leaving the airfield, we climbed about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and I took over the controls. I flew straight ahead for awhile... and then my instructor showed me how to turn the plane. It's easy. You just turn the control wheel in the direction you want to go and pull back gently to maintain your altitude. It helps to coordinate the turn by simultaneously pressing on the rudder pedal.

When I wanted to straighten out, I rolled out simply by turning the control wheel the opposite way and gently applying the opposite rudder pedal. It was easy... and fun, too.

Before I knew it, my first flight was over. I had no idea I could pilot a plane so easily... and confidently.

As I walked to the hangar, I felt like a changed man... and I was. I had learned

something new and felt bigger for the experience. By appointment, I can now take a lesson early in the morning, during the day or late in the evening. I can fly every day or once a week. I also found that I could finance my lessons for less than \$14 per month for a solo course and for less than \$10.00 per week for a complete private pilot's rating.

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over the years as "steely-eyed businesswomen" and "con artists."

LAURELLE BURTON

Art Museum Council
Los Angeles

Sir: Art is fine for Los Angeles, but we enjoyed the La Brea Tar Pits immensely. Must they go? It looked like pure geology to us—made and in the making—and a fine spot to get an insight into the process.

ELIZABETH STANTON COTTLE

Highland Park, N.J.

Iller Eastern Winds

Sir: As a onetime aerologist, I found Chicago's notorious ill winds [April 2] largely a myth. Weather Bureau records show Chicago's average wind speed as 10.1 m.p.h., with an alltime high of only 60 m.p.h., compared with 14.5 m.p.h. and 113 m.p.h. respectively for New York City.

SAM PISCCHIO

Los Alamitos, Calif.

Mars on the Skyline

Sir: Your description of Chicago's forthcoming John Hancock Center as a glass-enclosed oil derrick [April 2] is commendable. The ugliness of this building is a monument to public apathy, which has allowed such monstrosities as Boston's 52-story Prudential Tower, Manhattan's Pan American Building, and innumerable other glass boxes to become reality. I cannot believe that people just do not care. But when the complaints finally materialize, our once graceful city skylines will be irreparably marred.

JOHN W. SPARKS

Boston

No Spies

Sir: Although Willmark Service System, Inc., through the use of professional shoppers, tests sales-personnel activities, its functions do not include the placement of "counterspy workers" in plants [March 26]. In fact, Willmark's only association with manufacturers, other than retail checking, is of a marketing-research and promotional nature under the auspices of its subsidiary Willmark Research Corp.

ROBERT M. BERNSTEIN

Willmark Service System, Inc.
New York City

Artful Increase

Sir: Since the appearance of TIME's article about the Metropolitan Museum [March 19], there has been a 25% increase in attendance.

HARRY S. PARKER III

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

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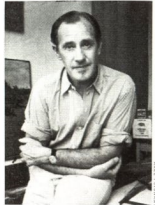
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



ARTIST NOLAN

balcony for a week while Nureyev was rehearsing for *Romeo and Juliet*, a ballet that Nolan sees as "a ritual description of our civilization." The portrait depicts Nureyev in rehearsal costume, a kerchief round his head. "I wanted to show the feeling I got from him as he rehearsed *Romeo*," Nolan said. "He is a wonderfully perceptive artist, and I tried to get that in as well."

ANOTHER assignment for this week's issue that was received with special enthusiasm was for the Religion story on Islam. Central to the story is the hajj, the pilgrimage to Mecca's holy places that for a devout Moslem is the ultimate in spiritual reward on this earth. One such devout Moslem is TIME's veteran Cairo-based stringer Mohamed Wagdi, and for him the job was the opportunity of a lifetime—to make the hajj and report it. For the six weeks after he first made his application to go on last year's pilgrimage until he returned to Cairo, he kept a diary of his experiences. This became a basic piece of research for the story and the color pages. Reporter Wagdi finished the assignment physically exhausted but spiritually enriched by the rewards promised to the hajj pilgrims—forgiveness of sins and the start of a new life.



REPORTER WAGDI

WHEN this week's cover started coming off the presses, the artist who painted it, Sidney Nolan, was in the mountainous wilds of the Sepik area of New Guinea watching native dances. "I wish Nureyev could have been here in the mountains with me," Nolan told TIME's Australian correspondent by radio-telephone. "Somehow, 100 natives dancing with gorgeous bird of paradise feathers in their hair symbolized for me the very spirit of ballet."

This is TIME's third cover story on the ballet* and Nolan's first cover for TIME. It was a commission that he welcomed with great enthusiasm. An Australian who now lives in London, Nolan is known for his brooding canvases, his translucent colors, and his figures of man, often puzzled but always dignified. A ballet buff for years, he designed the sets for Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* at London's Covent Garden. He is a convinced Nureyev fan, has been observing the dancer since 1962. In London he once watched from the

* The others: Ballerina Margot Fonteyn (Nov. 14, 1949) and Choreographer George Balanchine (Jan. 25, 1954).

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 16, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 16

THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

The New Welfare State

Almost 30 years ago, Franklin Delano Roosevelt signed into law the Social Security Act. At the moment of signing, he issued a statement that, in retrospect, sounds almost apologetic: "We have tried to frame a law which will give some measure of protection to the average citizen and his family against the loss of a job and against poverty-ridden old age. This law, too, represents a cornerstone in a structure which is being built but is by no means complete. It is a structure intended to lessen the force of possible future depressions."

Social security was an emergency act in a nation still struggling out of the depths of a depression in which, in F.D.R.'s famed phrase, more than one-third of the nation was "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." The change since then in American life has never been more apparent than last week, when Congress acted on two bills that projected a new sort of welfare state beyond Roosevelt's wildest dreams. First, the House of Representatives passed and sent to the Senate, where it faces certain swift approval, the Johnson Administration's \$6 billion-a-year medicare bill. The next day the Senate passed and sent to the President to be signed into law the \$1.3 billion aid-to-education bill.

Vast Thrusts. Earlier in the session, Congress had steamrolled ahead several other Johnson-sponsored antipoverty bills—the Manpower Training and Development Act, a proposed Administration on Aging, passage of aid to Appalachia. The new bills call for vast new federal thrusts into the area of federal paternalism. In F.D.R.'s day, both undoubtedly would have been denounced as socialistic, if not part of a downright Communist scheme to undermine American private enterprise and individual initiative.

Action on both bills came not in time of depression but in the midst of the most prosperous year that the affluent society has ever known. There were a few squawks about presidential pressure, but it was widely accepted that both measures would achieve great

good in making the U.S. even more affluent without turning it into a socialistic society. It was generally conceded that both bills, despite the vastness of their scope, were aimed not at increasing the power of the Federal Government, but at eradicating some remaining blemishes in the Great Society.

The education bill seeks simply to provide the school construction and facilities that state and local governments

and cried: "Congratulations, my dear friend. Magnificent!"

In the Senate debate on the education bill, Republicans were bitterly vocal about the President's demands that the measure be passed without any change whatsoever. A G.O.P. minority on the Senate Education Subcommittee had signed a statement saying: "This important and complex piece of legislation is to pass this body without a dot or comma changed, this by fiat from the Chief Executive." Republicans sent up amendment after amendment; all were voted down. Finally, as Colorado's Senator Peter Dominick stood at his desk shouting, "I for one resent the whole procedure," the education bill was passed by a vote of 73 to 18.

For the most part, Johnson's bills received such overwhelmingly favorable action because there seemed to be a popular consensus for them. They also passed because Johnson knows how to get along with Congress better than any President before him—including his great hero Franklin Roosevelt. Johnson loves to recall how, as a young Congressman from Texas, he was befriended by F.D.R.,

who became "just like a daddy to me." As of this week—the 20th anniversary of Roosevelt's death—Daddy would have been proud.

Cabinet Charade

To reporters who accompanied him on a two-lap stroll around the White House south lawn one morning last week, President Johnson proffered a special invitation: Come on over to the Cabinet meeting this afternoon.

Sure enough, at the end of the regular Cabinet session, doors were thrown open and newsmen ushered in.

Thereupon Johnson, accompanied by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Under Secretary of State George Ball and Vice President Hubert Humphrey, hurried off to a meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In taking his leave, Lyndon designated Presidential Aide Horace Busby as master of ceremonies for the Cabinet Room charade.

Hello, Joe. Starting off with new Treasury Secretary Henry ("Joe") Fowler, who was attending his first official Cabinet meeting, Busby called



F.D.R. SIGNING SOCIAL SECURITY BILL*
History more than repeats itself.

have been unable—or unwilling—to furnish. The medicare bill (see box, next page) will relieve older citizens of the worry of spending their savings on medical bills, thereby add to their general purchasing proclivities, inspire consumer-spending and drive another nail into the coffin of cyclical depression.

Proud Daddy. Hardly anyone had a legitimate protest to offer. In the House debate on the medicare bill, Iowa Republican H. R. Gross forced Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and floor manager for the measure, to admit that he had "overlooked" a relatively small cost factor. No matter. Without amendment, the House passed the bill by a vote of 313 to 115, and at the announcement of the tally Democrats rose to their feet with a great shout. Speaker John McCormack rushed up to Mills, grabbed his hand

* Witnessing, left to right: North Carolina Democratic Congressman Robert Doughton, Democratic Senator Robert Wagner of New York, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, Mississippi Democratic Senator Pat Harrison.

for round-the-room recitations. Fowler's contribution was that "considerable improvements have been detected in a preliminary way" in efforts to trim the balance-of-payments deficit. However, he added hastily, "it is too soon to make any predictions" about reductions in the first quarter of 1965. His piece said, Fowler slipped from the room.

Next up was Internal Revenue Commissioner Sheldon Cohen, who, while not a member of the Cabinet, had sat in on the session anyway. Cohen noted that the Treasury Department would make some 42 million income-tax refunds totaling \$5.6 billion this year, and that he was wrestling into shape a more carefully graduated withholding plan to

ease the problems of under-withholding as well as overpayments.

By this time several high officials, such as Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and James Webb, administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, had departed silently, and reporters had slipped into growing numbers of vacant chairs around the coffin-shaped table. Near the end of the session, Bushy called upon Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, who turned out to be the showstopper.

So Long, Screwworm. Solemnly reporting that there are 81,000 varieties of insects in the U.S., Freeman noted that his department had virtually erad-

icated the screwworm in the southwestern U.S. and parts of Mexico by attacking the insect's reproductive cycle. He said that he was going next day to the Beltsville, Md., agricultural station to see some experiments along the same line, added: "If you want to see how a cockroach acts when there's some sex attractant around, come on along." To which U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, who was last on the list to recite, replied: "I always wanted to know about that."

And where was Lyndon? Well, he was getting ready to take off for a long weekend in Texas.

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

Last week the Congress also:

► Pushed ahead, in a House Judiciary Subcommittee and in the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Administration's voting-rights bill, toughening its provisions. The House subcommittee voted the measure out, eleven to one, after recommending that federal registrars be installed anywhere a local court confirms that discrimination exists. The Senate version, cleared for the floor by a twelve-to-four vote, would also broaden the measure, but by applying it automatically to areas where fewer than 25% of the eligible persons of any race are registered. This would catch five counties in Florida, seven in Arkansas, and an undetermined number in Virginia, Tennessee and Texas.

► Restored, in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, \$115 million which the committee had, in a preliminary vote, cut out of military-assistance funds in the Administration's \$3.38 billion foreign-aid-authorization bill.

► Agreed, in a Senate-House Conference Committee, to extend the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency for three years with a \$10 million-a-year budget ceiling.

► Passed in the House, 360 to 21, and sent to the Senate a bill permitting recipients of offensive mail to halt further delivery. Under the measure, anyone could return to his postmaster mail which the recipient deemed "lascivious, indecent, filthy, or vile," and have the post office notify the sender to discontinue the mailings. Federal courts could enforce the request.

► Approved, in the Senate Patents Subcommittee, the first increase in U.S. patent fees since 1932. The fee for applying for a patent would go from the present \$30 to \$65, for issuance of a patent from \$30 to \$100. According to Subcommittee Chairman John L. McClellan of Arkansas, the higher rates would raise U.S. Patent Office income from its present \$8,900,000 a year to about \$23.4 million.

► Voted, in the House and Senate Interior Committees, to spend \$2,143,150 for establishing a national monument in Nebraska's agate fossil beds, named for the rich concentrations of prehistoric mammal traces that abound in the area.

WHAT MEDICARE WILL DO

The medicare bill will not solve all the problems of growing old—but it will certainly make the process much less costly to the elderly. It is actually three programs in one.

Part 1 is a hospitalization program, to be financed under social security, for which persons 65 or older will automatically qualify.

Those thus eligible would have to pay only the first \$40 of hospital charges of up to 60 days. The Government will pay for rooms in two- to four-bed quarters and for food, medicines, drugs and care by internes and nurses. After a hospital stay of at least three days, a patient may transfer to a Government-approved nursing home for free convalescent care of at least 20 days and at most 100 days.

Going back home, the oldest could receive, according to his doctor's advice, up to 100 free visits by a visiting nurse. And 60 days after discharge from a hospital or nursing home, the elderly person would be eligible for another round of all the same benefits.

Part 2 is a voluntary program providing major additional benefits for people 65 or over.

For \$3 a month, oldesters can enroll in a plan providing for doctor's care—whether furnished in a hospital, clinic, office or at home, and including surgeon's services. Each person would pay the first \$50 annual doctor's fees; after that, the Government would pay 80% of the rest. Thus, if an elderly person had a major operation that cost \$2,000 for surgeon's fees, he would have to pay only \$440 (the first \$50 plus 20% of the \$1,950 balance). The program would pay the remaining \$1,560.

The voluntary program would pay 80% of the costs of medical extras, such as limited ambulance service, X-rays and lab tests, electrocardiograms and radiotherapy, surgical dressings, splints, casts, artificial arms, legs and eyes, and even rental

for home use of iron lungs and wheelchairs. Under the same 80% formula, the voluntary plan would further provide 100 home-nurse visits a year with or without prior hospitalization, thus supplementing the benefits that come under the compulsory social security part of the medicare program. Also provided: care in a mental hospital, of no more than 60 days at a time, for a lifetime maximum of 180 days.

The burden of the \$3-a-month premiums would be eased considerably by a basic 7% increase in old-age pension checks, retroactive to last January. The maximum monthly social security payment of \$127 would immediately rise to \$135.90, but everyone would get at least \$4 more a month to spend. A simultaneous liberalization of social security rules would, among other things, bring self-employed doctors into the program for the first time—making them eligible for medicare, too, at age 65.

Part 3 extends the present Kerr-Mills medical-assistance-for-the-aged program.

At a federal cost of some \$200 million a year, basic medical care will be provided, on an outright charity basis, not only for indigents over 65, as at present, but for those of any age, such as destitute families, homeless children, the disabled and the blind.

How will medicare be paid for? Approximately \$5 billion a year will come from the voluntary premiums and from higher social security taxes for everyone; these will be more than doubled during the next two decades. The remaining \$1 billion a year that will be required will come out of the Federal Government's general revenue fund.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Reply to the Critics

Faced at home and abroad by attacks on his toughening policy toward Viet Nam, President Johnson last week set out to mollify his critics. In a major television speech, he announced that the U.S. is ready for "unconditional discussions" leading toward a Viet Nam settlement, offered to commit the U.S. to a billion-dollar investment toward a vague program for "development" in Southeast Asia. At the same time, but off the screen, he continued to step up the pace of the Vietnamese war.

The Peaceniks. Much of the protest to which Johnson responded was of the "please sign this petition" variety. At Columbia University, students collected 300 signatures for a cable to North Viet Nam's Communist Boss Ho Chi Minh: "We are Americans who are deeply opposed to the U.S. bombing raids against the people of the D.R.V. We are doing what we can to stop these barbarous attacks. You have our respect and sympathy." Twenty-five hundred clergymen took a full-page advertisement in the New York Times to demand of the President, "In the Name of God, stop it!" A group called Women Strike for Peace mounted a widespread get-out-of-Viet Nam campaign. A student at the University of Michigan collected money to buy medical supplies for the Viet Cong.

But not all the criticism of U.S. policy was juvenile or emotional. France's feelings have long been known. Britain's Labor government was finding it increasingly difficult to defend the U.S. in Commons. The U.N.'s U Thant had long since criticized the Johnson Administration for failing to keep the U.S. informed of the "true facts" about Viet Nam. Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson made a speech in Philadelphia urging the U.S. to call a temporary halt in bombing North Viet Nam. And from a 17-nation conference in Belgrade, with countries ranging from Afghanistan to Zambia, came still another appeal for peace negotiations.

About the only foreign official willing to defend the U.S. in public was Australia's Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies. He not only praised U.S. determination in Southeast Asia but announced himself firmly opposed to negotiation under present circumstances. "If I am the only Prime Minister left to denounce it," cried Menzies, "I denounce it!"

The Crux. Despite such isolated backers as Menzies, President Johnson decided that he could not ignore all the criticism. Accepting a longstanding invitation to speak at Johns Hopkins University, the President appeared before students and faculty in Baltimore. He described the Vietnamese war as one of "unparalleled brutality," where "simple farmers are the targets of assassination and kidnapping. Women and children are strangled in the night because their men are loyal to the government. And help-



less villages are ravaged by sneak attacks . . . terror strikes in the heart of cities."

What the U.S. seeks is "an independent South Viet Nam—securely guaranteed . . . free from outside interference, tied to no alliance." Until that aim is achieved, said the President, "we will not be defeated; we will not grow tired; we will not withdraw, either openly or under the cloak of a meaningless agreement."

Then the President came to the crux of his message. The U.S., he declared, will "never be second" in working toward peace in Viet Nam. "There may be many ways to this kind of peace: in discussion or negotiation with the governments concerned; in large groups or in small ones; in the reaffirmation of old agreements or their strengthening with new ones. We have stated this position over and over again, 50 times—and more—to friend and foe alike. And we remain ready, with this purpose, for unconditional discussions."

The President called for a "massive effort to improve the life of man"

throughout Southeast Asia. The first step, he said, is "for the countries of Southeast Asia to associate themselves in a greatly expanded cooperative effort for development. We would hope that North Viet Nam would take its place in the common effort just as soon as peaceful cooperation is possible . . . For our part, I will ask Congress to join in a billion-dollar American investment in this effort as soon as it is under way." Such a program would mesh with an existing United Nations scheme, already in progress, to build a complex of dams, power plants and agricultural facilities in the Mekong Delta region of Southeast Asia.

The Promise. Finally, the President promised "to expand and speed up a program to make available our farm surplus to assist in feeding and clothing the needy in Asia. We should not allow people to go hungry and wear rags while our own warehouses overflow with an abundance of wheat and corn and rice and cotton. So I will very shortly name a special team of outstanding patriotic, distinguished Americans to inaugurate our participation in these programs. This team will be headed by Mr. Eugene Black, the very able former president of the World Bank."

The reactions to Johnson's speech came in like clockwork—and were just as predictable. Hanoi called it "deceitful propaganda," while Ho Chi Minh himself reiterated that the U.S. must withdraw from South Viet Nam before negotiations could begin. Red China's word for the day was "hoax." Elsewhere, the response was enthusiastically positive. Harold Wilson's government in London called the speech "statesmanlike," and the French welcomed it, especially since it reflected a long-held view of De Gaulle's. The United Nations' U Thant thought it was "positive, forward-looking and generous." Pundit Joseph Alsop called it a "great speech," and the New York Times, one of the most insistent of newspaper crit-



PEACE PICKETS OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE
A step back for a free hand.

ies, announced itself pleased that Lyncon had finally come round.

Serving the Purpose. Still, the President's speech raised more questions than it answered. His hope for South Viet Nam to become an "independent" nation "tied to no alliance" seemed to some to be a contradiction in terms; after all, a basic ingredient of sovereignty is the right to make alliances. His visions of a great, cooperative development effort by the squabbling nations of Southeast Asia, in which the U.S.,

bested in combat by the snail-paced (730 m.p.h.) MIG-17, a relic of the Korean War.

The answers seemed to be 1) faulty tactics, and 2) inadequate radar.

Out of the Mist. Forty-eight Thunderchiefs had been assigned to bomb the Thanhhoa bridge, a key rail-highway span across the Song Ma River, 76 miles south of Hanoi. The jets flew in groups of four; while one flight attacked, the others circled the area, their speed cut by the weight of their

Moreover, the U.S. tactical formations were made to order for just the sort of Communist hit-and-run attack that occurred, and Air Force Boss McConnell is determined that the Thunderchiefs' misfortune will not be repeated.

Toward week's end, U.S. jets again clashed with MIGs, and again suffered a loss. Four Navy F-4 Phantoms from the carriers *Coral Sea* and *Ranger* were flying patrol about 35 miles from the Communist Chinese island of Hainan.

U.S. AIR FORCE



F-105s ON THE LINE IN SOUTH VIET NAM
An urgent need for skywide coverage.

the U.S.S.R., Red China and Communist North Viet Nam would also participate, seemed totally illusory. His plan to give away surplus foods, bought by the U.S. Government under the farm-subsidy program, had been suggested often before—and been knocked down almost as fast, mostly by U.S. allies fearing that such action would wreck the world grain market.

As for the President's offer to enter into "unconditional discussions," it was a step back from the position, often stated both by Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk, that the U.S. would not even consider negotiations until North Viet Nam gave strong evidence that it was stopping its aggression against South Viet Nam.

But the declaration obviously served the President's purpose of quieting his tormentors, both foreign and domestic—and thus giving him once again a free hand to act as the military situation dictated. And lest either Hanoi or Peking take the offer as a sign of a weakening of U.S. intentions, the President not only ordered that the bomb strikes against North Viet Nam be continued, but sent to South Viet Nam an additional 3,000 marines, bringing the total there to 7,800, along with a squadron of Marine Corps Phantom II jet fighters.

ARMED FORCES

How It Happened

The U.S. Air Force chief of staff, General John P. McConnell, was hopping mad. He had just heard that two U.S. F-105 Thunderchiefs had been shot down by MIGs of the tiny (36 jets) North Vietnamese air force. What McConnell wanted to know was how the Thunderchief, a big brute of a plane with speeds up to 1,400 m.p.h., had been

armament—eight 750-lb. bombs and 2,000 lbs. of cannon shells in each aircraft. High above and to the north, F-100 Super Sabre jets flew combat air patrol. Their mission: to forewarn of the approach of enemy aircraft and if possible to intercept. The Super Sabres' radar attention was directed mostly toward the north, where Hanoi's jet airfields are located (the Donghoi airfield, to the south, had been knocked out by U.S. bombing).

But the MIG attack did come from the south—seven jets barreling out of a heavy mist bank overhanging the area. Five angled off toward the west, apparently as decoys. The other two headed straight for one of the orbiting four-plane flights.

In that flight, two pilots saw the attackers coming, frantically radioed the other two: "Break off, break off!" But transmission apparently was garbled and the two remaining F-105s flew on unaware—as close to sitting ducks as Thunderchiefs can get. The MIGs made a fast firing pass, then swooshed off to the north and escaped in the mist. One Thunderchief took 20-mm. cannon hits in its hydraulic system, the other in its engine. Both limped some 20 miles until they got over the Gulf of Tonkin, where the pilots bailed out. Major Frank E. Bennett drowned, and, after a 48-hour search, Captain James A. Magnusson was listed as missing.

Encounter No. 2. The MIGs obviously had been directed by ground-control radar, probably from three stations that had the U.S. flights perfectly triangulated. The airborne radar in the F-100 patrol planes plainly did not offer equivalent, skywide coverage—but the U.S. has plenty of radar planes that do, and they presumably will be brought into use in the very near future.

They were attacked by four MIGs. Although the ensuing dogfight was too fast and furious for the U.S. pilots to make positive identification, the MIGs almost certainly belonged to the Chinese Communists rather than the North Vietnamese. When the battle was over, one Phantom jet was missing, though the Pentagon refused to confirm the loss officially. As for the MIGs, they beat a hasty retreat in the direction of Hainan.

CRIME

Battle of the Guns

A local citizen strode up to Judge "Three-Legged Willie" Williamson's table, pulled out a Bowie knife and said: "Your Honor, this is the law in this country." Said the judge, pulling out his six-shooter: "This is the constitution that over-rides the law."

—A Texas tale by J. Frank Dobie

In the U.S., where Daniel Boone killed his "bar" and Annie got her gun, the right of the citizenry to "bear arms" is guaranteed by the Constitution. But all rights are limited, and the 1963 death of President Kennedy at the hands of an assassin with a mail-order rifle has caused deep concern about the shocking ease with which death-dealing weaponry may be obtained by anyone.

Last week Congress had before it a bill that would make gun-toting tougher and that would cut drastically into the multimillion-dollar-a-year business of weaponry by mail. Drawn up by the Administration and introduced in the Senate by Connecticut Democrat Thomas J. Dodd, the measure would, among other things:

- Outlaw interstate sales of weapons to individuals.
- Prohibit sales by federal licensees of all weapons to anyone under 18 years

of age, and of pistols and most other firearms to anyone under 21.

► Curb imports of foreign-made weapons by limiting them to antiques and those "particularly suitable for sporting purposes."

Unsettling Toll. As chairman of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, Dodd conducted hearings that disclosed some unsettling facts. In 1963, approximately 1,000,000 "dangerous weapons" were sold by mail-order firms. Of some 5,000 persons murdered with firearms that year, about 2,500 were shot with mail-order guns. In Chicago, over a three-year period, 4,000 citizens bought weapons from just two mail-order dealers; of the buyers, 1,000 had criminal records.

Last January a 15-year-old Baltimore boy killed his father, mother and sister with a foreign-made .38 that he had purchased from the same dealer in California who sold Lee Harvey Oswald the telescopic sight for his rifle. As the youth was arrested, another gun was being sent to him by the same dealer.

Armament at Will. Compounding the problem is a ceaseless inflow of weapons from abroad. In the past two years, almost 2,500,000 pistols and rifles were imported into the U.S. from England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain. In addition, war-surplus heavy weaponry, such as bazookas and antitank guns, is permitted to come into the U.S. from abroad, and may be purchased in many places at will.

As a result, four California youths set fire to an acre of the Angeles National Forest with a blast from a German-made, 20-mm. antitank gun that they had bought from a Culver City firm for \$150. And last September, the FBI seized four Russian-army Tokarev semi-automatic rifles that had been shipped to members of the Ku Klux Klan in Mississippi.

Subsidized Sharpshooting. To Dodd, such examples illustrate "the tragedy and imbecility of our failure as a society to civilize the use of firearms." Ironically, the Federal Government shares responsibility for the proliferation of weaponry. Through the "National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice," an arm of the Department of

Defense, M-1 rifles, which cost \$60 to \$70 at Army-surplus stores, are sold to civilians of the 500,000-member National Rifle Association for \$20 to \$30. Members of N.R.A. clubs get ammunition for such weapons for free. All told, Dodd's subcommittee estimates the weapons subsidy has amounted to possibly \$16 million over the past ten years.

ESPIONAGE

The Spy Who Broke & Told

One day last fall, Railroad Switchman Lyman Mintkenbaugh of Castro Valley, Calif., got a call from his brother James, 46, an Arlington, Va., real estate salesman who had recently come West and moved into a mountain retreat at Arnold, Calif.

"James was having one of his mood fits," Lyman recalled last week, "and had to go off and be by himself. But I figured I'd better get up there because he said he might do something drastic if he couldn't talk to someone." What James wanted to talk about, it turned out, was his twelve years as a Russian spy, which he described as "a lark to make some money." Lyman urged James to do "what mother always taught us—be honest," and call the FBI. James did, and within hours agents were up at the mountain questioning him.

The Same Old Story. As a belated result, last week James Mintkenbaugh and an old pal, Army Sergeant Robert Lee Johnson, 43, were arrested as spies. It was, according to an FBI complaint filed in Alexandria, Va., the same old squalid story. In February 1953 Johnson, then stationed in Berlin with Army Intelligence, made contact with the Russians at their East Berlin headquarters, agreed to photograph classified documents for them in return for \$300 a month. A few months later, Johnson recruited Mintkenbaugh, also in the

Army in Berlin, to work with him. A male Russian agent named "Paula" gave Mintkenbaugh a 35-mm. camera, along with a quick course in developing microdots and hiding microfilm.

Three years later, the two returned to the U.S. and were discharged from the Army. Johnson soon re-enlisted for duty at a Nike missile site in Los Angeles, the FBI complaint said, "for the specific purpose of continuing his work for the Soviets."

Mintkenbaugh worked for a while in his family's ice cream parlor at Campbell, Calif., then was summoned back to Berlin by "Paula," who gave him orders that led to a job as courier between Russian agents in the U.S. and Johnson.

Mintkenbaugh performed that chore for three years. In 1959 he went to Moscow and attended a special Soviet spy school, returned to the U.S., got himself a cover job with an Arlington real estate firm and settled into bachelor quarters. Meanwhile Johnson, still busily spying away, was transferred to the Pentagon as an Army courier. He moved his wife and two children to Alexandria, not far from where Mintkenbaugh was living.

\$2,000 Withdrawal. Just what happened next remains fuzzy. But on Oct. 1, Mintkenbaugh was summarily fired from his real estate job. Next morning, after withdrawing \$2,000 from his bank account, Johnson disappeared. More than a month later Johnson surrendered to Army authorities in Reno, Nev., was subsequently court-martialed for being AWOL and given a routine job, well away from classified material, at Washington's Fort McNair. As for Mintkenbaugh, he went to California, had a little chat with his brother, and turned himself in to the FBI.

Presumably hoping to round up more members of the spy ring, the FBI delayed until last week in making any arrests. By that time, when Johnson was pinched in the Pentagon, his wife was in a mental hospital and their children were in foster homes. Both Johnson and Mintkenbaugh will stand trial in federal court on charges of selling U.S. defense secrets. The maximum penalty: death.

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THE CAPITAL

Mr. Smitherman Goes to Washington

In Washington, all bars and most restaurants close at midnight on Sunday. It was well after midnight on Sunday, April 4, when Joseph T. Smitherman, 35, the race-baiting mayor of Selma, Ala., and his home-town friend, Attorney Joe T. Pilcher Jr., 35, decided they were hungry and thirsty.

The mayor was in Washington for a television interview, the first time he had ever been north of North Carolina, and he was uncertain about where to go at that time of the night. He and Pilcher left their room in the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, went out onto the street and soon ran into a Negro named James ("Race Horse") Edwards, a con man with a 14-page police record, much of it for the Murphy game.*

Waiting & Waiting. Race Horse quickly convinced the Selma pair that he knew of an after-hours spot suitable to their needs and took them in a taxi to the Anchor, a respectable-looking apartment building a mile away. In the building, Edwards told them, was "a club where Congressmen go," and he would need some cash for membership dues. Mayor Smitherman gave him some money, and Race Horse left the two Southerners after promising to return with the membership cards.

They waited and waited. Finally Smitherman and Pilcher decided that Race Horse probably did not intend to return. They also realized they were minus \$107.

A few hours later Race Horse was

* "The Murphy game" is underworld argot for a slick maneuver in which a victim puts his cash in an envelope and gives it to the con man, who makes a fast sleight-of-hand switch and hands back an identical envelope stuffed with newspaper strips. It was named after an Irishman who was arrested many times for perpetrating such tricks.



SELMA'S MAYOR AT TV SESSION
Flimflammed by a dark horse.

arrested, after he bragged at a crap game that he had conned the mayor of Selma. He was charged with grand larceny by trick. Police contacted Smitherman and Pilcher, and they allowed as how they were missing some money.

"Gosh, No." Reporters heard of the episode, and at a police-station conference the pair gave their recollections. "We just wanted a drink of whisky," said Pilcher. Smitherman said he just wanted some food. The official police report said they had sought "some entertainment." When newsmen asked if the subject of women ever came up during their discussions with Race Horse, Pilcher said, "Not women, definitely not women. Women were never mentioned." The mayor gasped, "Gosh, no." Smitherman said he had given Race Horse \$7—\$3 for the membership, \$2 for the cab, \$2 for a tip—and that Edwards had picked Pilcher's pocket of the other \$100.

Safely back in Selma, the mayor thought he saw some irony in the affair. In an interview printed in the Selma Times-Journal, he said: "Fate plays some strange tricks. All of Selma, in fact the entire nation, has been flimflammed by the so-called civil rights movement for more than ten weeks. Then I went to Washington to televise the real truth of the Selma story and we got taken by a glib-tongued Negro con man."

LABOR

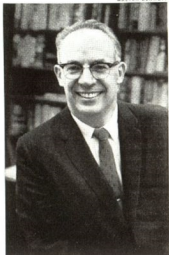
Carey's Comeuppance

The U.S. labor movement has an effective say-so on every sort of issue—from foreign policy to domestic politics, from civil rights to featherbedding. The will or the whim of top union leaders can shake the U.S. economy. Yet it begins to seem that even the mightiest unions cannot hold a simple election without charges of fraud.

The most powerful union of them all, the United Steelworkers of America, is still stuck in stalemate after a Feb. 9 election in which Incumbent President David McDonald was apparently defeated by Challenger I. W. Abel. Both sides have taken their subsequent "We wuz robbed" charges to the courts.

Dictatorial Methods. Last week James B. Carey, 53, president of the 280,000-member International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (I.U.E.), resigned—but only because U.S. Labor Department investigators said that he was in office as a result of cheating in a union election last December. That election pitted Carey against Paul J. Jennings, 47, a long-time I.U.E. official.

It was the first time in Carey's 15-year reign that he had had a challenger. The I.U.E.'s five-man board of trustees counted the ballots and announced that Carey had won. Jennings filed a federal court suit, charging fraud. Many rank and filers also complained to the Labor



ELECTRICIANS' JENNINGS
Elected by recount.

Department—and last month Government investigators, acting under the Landrum-Griffin Act, subpoenaed the I.U.E. election records. After completing their examination, the investigators said that Carey had really lost the election by 23,316 votes, instead of winning by 2,193 as the trustees, Carey loyalists, had claimed.

Jim Carey had been a stormy petrel in the labor movement for years. At 25, he organized the United Electrical Workers Union. In 1949, after he had trouble with infiltrating Communists, he broke off from the U.E., founded the I.U.E. under the auspices of the C.I.O. He brought it to a peak membership of 397,000 in 1956. Then, owing mostly to Carey's dictatorial methods, it began to lose members.

Last September, dissidents nominated Jennings to run against Carey. For 14 years Jennings had been executive secretary of the I.U.E.'s New York-New Jersey District 3, which has about 40% of the union membership. He was reluctant to tangle openly with Carey; yet he had long disagreed with his boss's tactics. Said he: "Carey's concept of a trade union is simple; if you differ with him, you're a traitor."

The Pilferage. Before Carey submitted his resignation to the I.U.E.'s executive board, he held a poignant press conference. His blue eyes moistened as he said: "I have come to the painful conclusion that I can best serve our beloved union's future, its unity and solidarity, and its capacity for advancing the interests of all electrical workers by resigning from my position as president of the I.U.E."

Carey claimed that he had been "completely surprised" by the election switch-about, but not everyone believed him. Commented A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany: "Everybody in Washington knew what was going on. The only shock was the amount of the pilferage."

ELECTIONS

Yorty's Chortle

Los Angeles' Democratic Mayor Samuel William Yorty, 55, easily won another four-year term in office last week, and he had found the competition so inept during the campaign that he couldn't resist chortling on election night: "If I had been my own opponent, I could have done a better job at finding fault with my record."

Sam was certainly right. His top rival in the nonpartisan mayoralty race was Democratic Congressman James Roosevelt. But the Roosevelt name evoked no magic whatsoever; Jimmy was loaded with dough but light on ideas. He put up hundreds of billboards, handed out bales of bumper stickers and buttons, appeared often on television with 15-minute and half-hour shows, plus so many other spots that his electronic omnipresence became irksome. Jimmy's campaign cost around \$450,000. Yorty spent less than half that amount.

Vainly, Jimmy tried to find an issue—any issue—to hang his campaign on. He called Yorty a stooge of Democrat Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, the controversial California assembly speaker. He attacked Yorty's membership in a segregated private club, endlessly criticized Yorty for having a bad temper.

Sam Yorty is certainly irascible, but he held his temper throughout the campaign, seemed almost cool in contrast to Jimmy. He pointed to the fact that he had cut city taxes, streamlined city government and improved garbage pickups. He outpolled Roosevelt 392,775 to 247,313, picked up 57.9% of the vote to Jimmy's 36.5%, with the rest going to six nonentities on the ballot.

Still, everything was not a total loss for the Roosevelts. Most of Jimmy's leftover ROOSEVELT FOR MAYOR stickers were already on their way to Miami Beach, where Brother Elliott is running for the same office.

Fun, but Futile

Everyone in St. Louis seemed surprised when Alfonso Juan Cervantes, 44, great-great-grandson of a Spanish immigrant and a jack-of-all-trades, from insurance to taxicabs to resorts, trounced respected, three-term Mayor Raymond R. Tucker, 68, in the Democratic primary last month. But no one was in the slightest surprised when, last week, Cervantes won the general election.

With decisive labor and Negro votes, Democrats have controlled St. Louis for years. Cervantes' G.O.P. opponent was Maurice R. Zumwalt, 62, a storm-door manufacturer who twice before had run for office and had lost. The Republican gave it all he had. He put up signs that said "Zoom with Zumwalt," staged a 30-hour sit-in outside the office of the Board of Election Commissioners to emphasize his demands that police protection be provided at every polling place. A red-jacketed waiter served Zumwalt a steak

dinner in the lobby, where the candidate spent the night on a cot.

It was fun, but futile. Cervantes piled up a landslide, 99,869 to 47,179, and carried with him all 14 Democrats running for the Board of Aldermen.

CASA, not PASO

As in most south Texas towns, Mexican Americans in Crystal City (pop. 10,000) outnumber Anglo-Americans roughly 4 to 1. But not until two years ago did they muster enough voting strength to elect their own people to local office. Then, a group called the Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations (PASO) launched a get-out-the-vote drive, produced a winning slate of five Mexican American city councilmen. It was the first time that Anglos had not controlled the municipal administration, and it was hailed as a harbinger of change throughout south Texas politics.

But once in office, the new city councilmen began bickering among themselves. For mayor, they picked Juan Cornejo, who made enemies right and left. At one point Cornejo tried to kick out one of his own PASO councilmen, Manuel Maldonado, because he owed \$2.98 in back city taxes. A court ruled he could not be fired. Three other councilmen resigned. By the time election rolled around last week Cornejo and Maldonado were the only two PASOs left—and they were hardly in public favor. Crystal Citizens therefore elected a five-man slate put up by the Anglo-organized Citizens' Association Serving All Americans (CASA).

Still, all was not lost for Mexican American voters. Of the CASA members on the new council, two are Anglos and three are of Mexican descent.

HISTORICAL NOTES

This Hallowed Ground

In the two-story brick house of Major Wilmer McLean at Appomattox, Va., on Palm Sunday, 1865, Confederate General Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to Lieut. General Ulysses S. Grant. That act signified the end of the Civil War, and with it the bloodshed that cost the lives of 618,000 men—more than have died in all of America's other wars combined.*

Last week, 100 years later to the day, 17,000 people gathered under a leaden sky at the Appomattox Court House to witness the centennial commemoration.

Hawking Hucksters. So concluded an observance that began 4½ years ago under the direction of a 25-man Centennial Commission established by President Eisenhower. With \$100,000 a year to spend, the commission wrote

up plans to give historical dignity to a succession of battle anniversaries. But dignity all too often went down the drain. Practically from the outset, Civil War buffs wearing uniforms and carrying old muskets set out to re-enact all the war's major battles. At Bull Run, in July 1961, 70,000 spectators cheered more than 2,000 men and boys as they replayed the battle, charging across the battlefield, shooting blanks, and falling off their horses. Casualties at 1961's Bull Run: 185 cases of heat exhaustion, twelve bee stings.

Similar engagements were run at other battlefields, and in nearly every instance the "soldiers" were accompanied by modern-day camp followers—hucksters hawking vulgar souvenirs like beach towels imprinted with the Confederate flag, ashtrays embossed with the faces of Grant and Lee, cigarette

JIM WARD



GRANT & LEE AT APPOMATTOX COMMEMORATION
Happily, no camp followers.

lighters emblazoned with the words "FORGET, HELL!" and which played Dixie when opened.

Reminder. Happily, the commission prevented such lapses in last week's Appomattox ceremonies, much to the dismay of an outfit called the North-South Skirmish Association, which sent 42 costumed emissaries. Instead of shenanigans, there was a band concert and an address by Virginia's Governor Albertis Harrison Jr. Senator Harry F. Byrd was present, and so were Lee's great-grandson, Robert E. Lee IV, 40, national advertising manager of the San Francisco Chronicle, and Grant's grandson, retired Army Major General Ulysses S. Grant III, 83.

The main address came from Historian Bruce Catton, Appomattox, said Catton, should remind Americans that "We have one country now, but at a terrible price, cemented everlastingly together because at the end of our most terrible war the men who had fought so hard decided that they had had enough of hatred."

* Total war dead (excluding the Civil War): 598,585. The breakdown: Revolutionary War, 4,435; War of 1812, 2,260; Mexican War, 13,283; Spanish-American War, 2,446; World War I, 116,516; World War II, 405,399; Korean War, 54,246.

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHY

JOHN CLELAND was a luckless little hack who in 1748, destitute and desperate, scribbled *Fanny Hill* or *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* for a flat fee of 20 guineas. He went on to become an inept philologist, ducked creditors much of his life, and died aged and unsung. If the poor fellow were only alive today, he could be a Big Writer, for critics on both sides of the Atlantic have acclaimed his ability to describe repetitive fornication with elegance and grace. He could wear hand-sewn Italian loafers, sell his still unwritten books to the paperbacks and the movies for a cool million, and lecture at progressive colleges on "Erotic Realism in the Novel."

But he would have to work hard, very hard, to keep up with the competition. For just about anything is printable in the U.S. today. All the famed and once hard-to-get old volumes are on the paperback racks, from the *Kama Sutra* to the Marquis de Sade's *Justine*. Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, once the last word in unprintable scatological, can often be picked up in remainder bins for 25¢. Miller has almost acquired a kind of dignity as the Grand Old Dirty Man of the trade, compared with some of the more current writers. Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* is out in two new editions, which for the first time render all those horrendous Latin passages in English—and, surrounded by the author's quaint 19th century moralizing, they seem tame alongside *Candy* or Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*.

Maurice Girodias, the shy little Parisian who was the world's foremost publisher of English-language pornography until tightening French censorship put his Olympia Press out of business, often talks about setting up shop in the U.S., but it is difficult to see what he could peddle. Barney Rosset, publisher of Grove Press and in a sense the American Girodias, is way ahead of him. Says Rosset hopefully: "Who knows if the limits have been reached? Just because the scientists split the atom, did they sit back and say, 'Well, that's it?'" The pioneering publisher could always push the limits a little farther by trying the notorious *Story of O*, or *The Debauched Hospodar*. But one of these days even Rosset may run out of material.

The avowed professional pornographers face a related dilemma. The fact is that all kinds of respectable hard-cover books now contain subject matter and language that would have brought police raids only a few years ago "is really killing us," says a West Coast practitioner. Far from giving up, the cheap paperback pornographers are diversifying by expanding their old preoccupation with lesbianism and sado-masochism, while searching for ever more bizarre combinations and settings. Still, it is tough trying to stay ahead of the avant-garde.

With everyone so afraid of appearing square, the avant-garde is obviously trying to determine just how far things can be pushed before anyone will actually admit to being shocked. New York now exports to various other centers of culture a mimeographed magazine whose title is somewhat stronger than *Love You, A Magazine of the Arts*; its pages are filled by some certified avant-garde writers, many homosexuals, who mostly write *poisoir* poetry.

While cheap "nude" movies are branching out into torture and lesbianism in a desperate attempt to keep a few steps below Hollywood, the far-out new wave in New York and San Francisco is also creating a cinema of sorts; such "underground" films as Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* and Andy Warhol's *Couch* feature transvestite orgies with masturbation and other frills—although they seem even more concerned with an almost narcotic attack on the concept of time, since most of them are interminable.

After a visit to the U.S., Malcolm Muggeridge, onetime editor of *Punch*, complained: "I'd have joined a Trappist order rather than take more. All those ghastly novels—sex is an obsession with the Americans." Besides, adds Mug-

geridge, "if the purpose of pornography is to excite sexual desire, it is unnecessary for the young, inconvenient for the middle-aged, and unseemly for the old."

Retreat of Censorship

Unnecessary or unseemly, or just unpleasant, what young and old may now read or see is part of the anti-Puritan revolution in American morals.

The Greek term *pornographos*, meaning literally "the writing of harlots," has always been relative and subjective. As D. H. Lawrence put it, "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another." Until the 1930s, U.S. courts generally followed a celebrated 1868 ruling of Britain's Lord Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose test for obscenity—used more or less interchangeably with pornography—was the effect any material might have on a hypothetical schoolgirl, or its tendency to "deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences." This ruling, which bedeviled and outraged the literary world for some 65 years, ignored the overall literary or educational merit of a book for the adult reader.

The schoolgirl test began to crumble in 1933 with the famed ruling by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, which held that James Joyce's *Ulysses* was not obscene—despite its impudent pudendicity and ovablastic genitivities—since the "proper test" is a book's "dominant effect." In 1957, in decisions that upheld the conviction of two mail-order pornography dealers, the U.S. Supreme Court finally defined its own views on the matter. First, it flatly denied the smut peddlers' contention that the 1st and 14th Amendments guaranteeing freedom of speech and press gave them a right to sell obscene material. Second, the court held that the Constitution does guarantee freedom for ideas "having even the slightest redeeming social importance—unorthodox ideas, controversial ideas, even ideas hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion." The court defined obscenity as material "utterly without redeeming social importance," and set up as its test "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

This does not establish a uniform permissiveness across the U.S. Each city, county and state can bring actions that publishers or distributors must defend individually, at sometimes prohibitive costs. But in general, what constitutes "redeeming social importance" is endlessly arguable, and even plainly unredeemed "hard-core" pornography is easier than ever to buy, particularly since the Supreme Court ruled that allegedly obscene books or movies cannot be seized by police until they have been so adjudged in the courts.

Matter of Taste

Lately, a distinct reaction against permissiveness has begun. Pressure is increasing from citizens' organizations such as the Roman Catholic National Organization for Decent Literature, the Protestant Churchmen's Committee for Decent Publications, and Citizens for Decent Literature, a nonsectarian organization that now has 300 chapters around the country. These groups are shrill, sincere, and sometimes self-defeating. When a Chicago court ruled three years ago that Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* could be sold locally, the C.D.L. flooded Chicago with excerpts of outrageous passages in the book, undoubtedly giving them wider circulation than they had ever before enjoyed in the city.

Miller, for one, considers such alarms trivial in the light of the Bomb. "We are now passing through a period of what might be called 'cosmic insensitivity,'" he says, "a period when God seems more than ever absent from the world and man is doomed to come face to face with the fate he has created for himself. At such a moment, the question of whether a man be guilty of using obscene language in printed

books seems to me inconsequential. It is almost as if, while taking a walk through a green field, I espied a blade of grass with manure on it, and bending down to that obscure little blade of grass I said to it scoldingly, 'Naughty! Naughty!'

Not everybody can be as cosmically insensitive as that, particularly when, as it sometimes appears, there is so much manure and so little grass. Actually, there is relatively less indignation from the pulpits of any denomination than one might expect. Says Harold Bosley, pastor of Manhattan's Christ Church Methodist: "The new license in the arts is one of the major problems in the church today. But none of us are interested in rigorous public censorship. We must help create an attitude of self-censorship and responsibility, otherwise we're dead ducks." And Baptist Minister Howard Moody of the Judson Memorial Church in New York's Greenwich Village feels that a new Christian definition of obscenity should not concentrate on sex or vulgar language alone, but on anything, particularly violence, whose purpose is "the debasement and depreciation of human beings."

As for psychiatrists, they are great believers in the Jimmy Walker dictum that no girl was ever ruined by a book, asserting, in effect, that no one is harmed by pornography who is not sick to begin with. The young, it is widely conceded, are more vulnerable, but no one has yet devised a practical way of keeping books from the young by law without also keeping them from adults—which would mean a return to the Cockburn rule.

Perhaps beyond questions of law, even beyond concern for morals, the problem is one of taste.

An open mind toward the new, the shocking, even the intolerable in art is an intellectual duty, if only because so many great and shocking artists from Swift to Joyce were so vehemently condemned at first. It hardly follows that any writer who manages to shock is therefore automatically entitled to respect as a worthy rebel. Yet this is how their followers regard the heroes of today's avant-garde, notably Jean Genet (*Our Lady of the Flowers*) and William Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*). "The new immoralists" is what they are labeled by *Parisian Review* Editor William Phillips, who is anything but a literary reactionary. He adds: "To embrace what is assumed to be beyond the pale is taken as a sign of true sophistication. And this is not simply a change in sensibility; it amounts to a sensibility of chaos."

Against Moralists & Hedonists

Genet, Burroughs and other chroniclers of fagotry and fellatio are different from the realists of sex like Zola, the sentimentalists of sex like D. H. Lawrence, the poetic demons of sex like Baudelaire. They are different from the good old-fashioned pornographers like *Fanny Hill's* Cleland or the masters of bawdry from Ovid to Aretino, Rabelais, Boccaccio and (in an off moment) Mark Twain. However unconventional, these writers found delight in sex; however critical of human folly, they were partisans of mankind. The new immoralists attack not only society but man and sex itself. Their writings add up to homosexual nihilism, and what Fanny Hill would have thought of them is made clear by her "rage and indignation" when she observed a pair of "male-misses, scarce less execrable than ridiculous."

Writing in *Commentary*, William Phillips nails the whole genre by devastatingly describing Burroughs' *Nova Express* as "the feeding almost literally of human flesh and organs on each other in an orgy of annihilation. The whole world is reduced to the fluidity of excrement as everything dissolves into everything else." And Critic John Wain adds: "A pornographic novel is, in however backhanded a way, on the side of something describable as life. *Naked Lunch*, by contrast, is unreservedly on the side of death."

In their defense it is often said that the new immoralists merely seek to show the world as they see it, in all its horror and lovelessness; but that is simply the old error of confusing art with event, a propagation of the notion that a novel trying to convey dullness must be dull. Sheer nightmare does not redeem a book any more than sheer Pollyannaism. The Genet-Burroughs crowd, including such lesser sensationalists as John Rechy (*City of Night*) and Hubert

Selby (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*), are not pornographers, if pornography is defined as arousing sexual excitement. These writers have created a pornography of nausea, which if anything has the opposite effect. They are thus the enemies of the hedonist almost more than the enemies of the moralist.

Sex as Ideology

Apart from making sex hideous and inhuman, the new pornographers also make it hopelessly dull. They should have learned from Sade, who used sex to assert the impossible—the totally unlimited freedom of man—and pushed the concept into insanity. Along the way Sade desperately tried to force his imagination beyond human limits by inventing inhuman horrors, but he only managed to make his compilation shatteringly dreary. Toward the end of his *120 Days of Sodom* he was no longer really writing, but simply setting down long lists of neatly numbered and tersely outlined enormities—the effect being ludicrous and totally unreal. Much of the current writing on sex approaches this quality of mechanical repetition and unreality.

For one thing, the constant use of the limited four-letter vocabulary tends to rob the words of what legitimate shock effect they used to have. "Powerful words should be reserved for powerful occasions," says Novelist Philip Toynbee. "Words like money can be devalued by inflation." Stuart B. Flexner, co-author of the authoritative *Dictionary of American Slang*, believes that this is already happening. "The next step is to find a new crop," he says, "but I don't know yet what these will be."

Secondly, it is becoming ever clearer that, as Novelist Saul Bellow said not long ago, "polymorphous sexuality and vehement declarations of alienation are not going to produce great works of art." The vast majority of writers, publishers and critics rejoice over the decline of censorship. While it permits the emergence of much trash, they feel that this is the necessary price for the occasional great work that might otherwise be taboo—for example, Nabokov's *Lolita*, a brilliant *tour de force*. But they concede that the new permissiveness paradoxically imposes a more difficult task on the writer; in a way it is harder to work without than within limits. Says Critic-Author Leslie Fiedler: "We've got our freedom. Now the question is what we do with it."

Joseph Heller, author of the far from prudish *Catch-22*, adds: "Now that we have established more dirty talk and more promiscuity in literature, we've established the obvious. What is accomplished by being specific? A reader's imagination is a more potent descriptive power than any author has. When everything is told, what you're left with is pretty crude and commonplace. The love scenes in *Anna Karenina* are infinitely more intimate than any explicit sex scene I can recall."

Besides, Tolstoy did not suffer from the pathetic phallacy according to which all existence revolves around sex. Many authors today treat sex the way Marxists treat economics; they see it at the root of everything, and daydream about sexual triumph the way revolutionary writers daydream about power. Thus in the tirelessly explicit writing of Norman Mailer, sex is a personal boast, a mystique and an ideology—and, in all three capacities, solemn and unconvincing.

Sex has, of course, infinite variants and imposes many compulsions. There will always be cheap pornography, and in a permissive age it will flourish openly and, perhaps, eventually fade; in a restrictive age, it will live clandestinely and, probably, remain a hardy growth. The purpose of sex in serious literature is to help convey the feeling and meaning of life as it is. Thus literature neither denies the existence of the wildest aberrations nor the use of the most clinical or bawdy language—but does not celebrate them as norms.

In the long run a sense of humor may be far more effective against the new pornography than censorship ever could be. "A return to ribaldry would be a very good thing," says Methodist Minister Tom Driver. "People ought to laugh in bed, and at some of the current writing about bed." There are signs that some are indeed laughing—and laughing at the authors of pornography. For sex is far too important a matter to be left merely to writers.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Odds of March

Battle statistics in South Viet Nam's war against the elusive Communist Viet Cong are often as illusory as the enemy—but there is always a whiff of truth in numbers. Last week it was a faint whiff of success for Saigon's government, compounded of cordite and napalm, corpses and canal water.

In two major actions, government forces killed at least 475 Viet Cong "hard-core" regulars while losing only 50 troops of their own. Communist losses for March were 1,625 v. 730 dead on the Saigon side. More important, the government won 13 of 18 major engagements, lost only half the number of weapons (1,280) and half the deserters (725) that it had lost in February. All the success has come since U.S. planes began striking directly at the Reds—

not only within South Viet Nam but also in the north. The odds of March were clearly on the government's side.

Forest of Darkness. Saigon's biggest victory last week came in the Mekong Delta, where government troops set an elaborately bloody trap for the Viet Cong. Since 1945 the Communists had held sway over the delta's mangrove-choked Uminh ("Forest of Darkness"), which Vietnamese legend said was inhabited by werewolves. Not even the French were able to penetrate it. Managing to lure two Viet Cong battalions out of the forest and into a "hollow square" defense perimeter, government infantry pounced, as "Cobras"—armed U.S. helicopters—moved in with close support. While naval support craft slammed away with cannon from a nearby canal, the helicopters herded Viet Cong prisoners out of paddies like so many sheep. Then in swept U.S.

Skyraiders and B-57s, splashing napalm and shrapnel clusters over the enemy emplacement. Gunfire from South Vietnamese Rangers did the rest.

Six Americans died in the effort (four in a flaming chopper, one on the ground, and another—the first U.S. Navy casualty—in the river craft), as well as 23 South Vietnamese. But probably 400 Viet Cong died in the biggest victory in the delta since the U.S. became engaged in Viet Nam.

Sparks in Saigon. Far to the north of Saigon, the government scored its second big kill of the week. Pushing north from Bongson, the pivotal hamlet on north-south Route 1, which almost fell to the Communists early last month (TIME, March 12), a battalion of South Vietnamese marines was hit by mortar fire and three battalions of Viet Cong shock troops. Falling back on a tenuous perimeter, the marines fought off ten "human wave" attacks over an eight-hour period before they were reinforced by a heavy-weapons company and air support. When it was all over, 137 Viet Cong were dead, v. five for the government (none American).

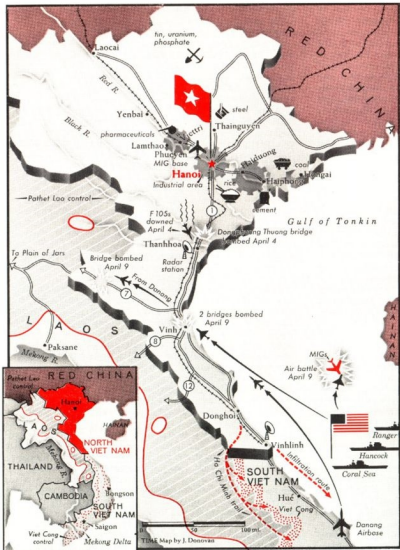
The government victories over the past month can be credited largely to the application of U.S. air power within South Viet Nam proper. Kills by air strikes mounted from 30% of 1964's Viet Cong toll to a remarkable 87% last month. Greater U.S. involvement has also boosted South Vietnamese morale. Still, no U.S. or South Vietnamese officials were naive enough to believe that the tide had yet turned in the overall battle. Political instability is still rife in Saigon, where last week a brief mutiny threatened Admiral Chung Tan Chue, boss of the South Vietnamese navy, and set the capital quiver with coup rumors. The mutiny died away, but no sparks are ever totally extinguished in Saigon. And for all the government success on the ground, Hanoi, with its great reserves of manpower and stubbornness, still calls the final shots from the north.

NORTH VIET NAM

The Uncovered Country

There was a hush over Hanoi last week—an air of impending doom as palpable as the *crachin*, the drizzle that cools the city each afternoon. From all sides the growing weight of U.S. air power pressed in on North Viet Nam's capital. Jets roamed the skies almost at will, striking day after day with surgical precision at North Viet Nam's tenuous communication and transportation line. American bombs still fell short of North Viet Nam's cities and factories, though an occasional power plant was hit when it happened to be near a road or bridge.

The U.S. aim was to sever the supply



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE



BRIDGE COMPLEX BEFORE . . .



AND AFTER U.S. JET STRIKE
More and more avoidance of the roads.

lines that carry Hanoi's men and arms into the battle for South Viet Nam. After U.S. Thunderchiefs and Skyraiders cut the bridges at Thanhhoa, above Vinh and at Dong Phuong Thuong (see map), roving jets prowled highways and rail lines, shooting up trucks and destroying the North Vietnamese's scanty rolling stock. Though the Communists could still cross their unbridged rivers by arranging makeshift spans of wicker boats at night, they were being forced more and more to avoid the roads.

MIGs & Sidewinders. Hanoi's propagandists met the challenge from the air with the only thing they have to spare: words. North Viet Nam's goat-bearded President Ho Chi Minh soothed his anxious population with wild claims of 165 U.S. and South Vietnamese planes shot down (the actual toll since February has been less than 30). But Ho apparently did get help of sorts from Red China late last week when four silvery MIG-17s tangled briefly with U.S. Navy Phantom jets, then fled toward the Chinese island of Hainan, 150 miles east of North Viet Nam. In terms of aerodynamics performance, the slow (730 m.p.h.) MIGs were clearly inferior to the 1,600-m.p.h. Phantoms with their heat-seeking Sidewinder rockets. One of the planes was sent flaming into the clouds while the others scuttled for home. At week's end both Peking and the Pentagon were denying it was theirs. Peking quickly shrilled that it had won the fight, and that one Phantom's Sidewinder had circled around and knocked down another U.S. plane.

But not even President Ho believed that his uncovered country could long endure an all-out air war with the U.S. Although Peking loudly rejected Lyndon Johnson's "carrot-and-stick" bid last week, Ho was more cautious. Hanoi radio reported the gist of the President's speech, and Ho released an earlier interview in which he demanded American withdrawal from South Viet Nam.

Road to Greatness. With a wobbly economy and an average annual income of \$90 a year, North Viet Nam is in no shape to pursue progress by means of war. Its gross national product of \$1.5

billion is little more than half of what the U.S. spends each year in South Viet Nam. Fully 72% of its 18 million people are grubbing a life from the soil of the Red River Delta and the thin strip of coastline to the south. Nearly a million have been shunted into the hills behind Hanoi in a desperate forced-labor attempt at turning that barren region into a rice-growing area. Because production lags so badly, Hanoi recently cut its 1965 grain production goal from 9,500,000 tons to an insufficient 7,000,000; at the same time it buttressed the monthly rice ration of 22 lbs. with corn and sweet potatoes. So desperate is North Viet Nam for farm productivity that the Hanoi regime demands manure from all citizens. Quotas are established for both cows and men in all communes, and prizes awarded to outstanding producers. Observes Orientalist P. J. Honey: "They receive the title of *Kien Tuong phan*, which defies translation into English."

But despite his country's overwhelming dependence on night soil, Ho Chi Minh long ago recognized that the road to national greatness is paved with factories. Shrewdly, he geared his industrial development programs to meet agricultural needs. Among the targets that U.S. bombers might next hit are those that supply the chemical fertilizers, iron for farm implements, and coal for blast furnaces that lie at the heart of Ho's hard-won industrial "complex."

A Preference for Phosphate. It's not all that complex. The basic ingredient in North Viet Nam's industrial mix is coal, located mostly around Hongai just east of the sprawling port of Haiphong. Described by visitors as "West Virginia with bamboo," the area is programmed to produce 4,000,000 tons of coal this

year. Already it exports to Japan and France, providing Hanoi with badly needed foreign exchange. Much of the rest is burned in two blast furnaces at Thainguayen, a pig-iron foundry 85 miles north of Hanoi, developed in part through Russian aid. Thainguayen is Ho's show place, and its products (150,000 tons last year) provided North Viet Nam with bridge spans and farm tools, gunboats and bicycle frames.

Just to the west of Thainguayen lies a chemical complex, tucked into the rough foothills where the Red River emerges from the mountains. The Vinh-yen and Phutho plants produce superphosphate fertilizers essential to Ho's farms. The only other industry of consequence in North Viet Nam is a textile works at Namdinh, near the coast.

Shabby Neckties. Hanoi itself is effectively without industry. The city's principal boulevard, Dongkhanh Street, was lined in French days with hundreds of small shops. Most are now empty, and those still in operation offer a pitifully small variety of such things as shabby neckties. The only other touch of color is from purple-blooming *cay-hang* trees along the roadways. Men and women alike wear somber black pajamas, and the elegant silk *ao dais* that grace the streets of Saigon are rarely seen. There are few cars or trucks on the broad street, and even the rich can afford nothing more than bicycles and motor scooters. Everyone else walks.

There is little sign of discontent with the squalid life. After all, poverty has been the pattern for centuries. Thousands of volunteers turned out patriotically to dig the slit trenches (Hanoi's air-raid shelters) that have been cut through the once verdant parks along the Red River and the capital's two

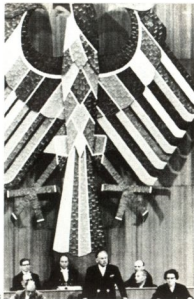
lakes, reminders of Ho Chi Minh's grim determination to pursue his quest for control of all Viet Nam, even if it costs him his economy and the lives of his people.

Ministerial Swap. At 75, Ho is the senior Communist leader in Asia. Red China's Mao Tse-tung was still a party underling in 1923 when Ho was tapped by Stalin to lead the revolution in Asia. Though Mao now swings more weight, Ho is reluctant to accept him as any kind of overlord, subtly and cautiously tries to play Mao off against the Russians in order to secure greater freedom of action for himself. Says one Western diplomat admiringly: "The older Ho gets, the more skilled he becomes at playing one man against another, one faction against another, one nation against another."

He has plenty of men and factions to deal with in his own government. Western experts separate Ho's lieutenants into pro-Peking and pro-Moscow categories. Solidly in the so-called Moscow camp is Premier Pham Van Dong, 59, who is nominally Ho's second-in-command. But Pham is counterbalanced in the party power structure by Secretary General Le Duan, a Peking-style hard-liner. And last week, in a cabinet shuffle that had Ho-watchers from Washington to Moscow scratching their heads, the standing committee of the National Assembly met in extraordinary session to replace Ho's hand-picked Foreign Minister Xuan Thuy with another pro-Peking stalwart named Nguyen Duy Trinh. The assumption: Thuy had urged negotiations with the U.S. before American bombs could wipe out North Viet Nam's industries.

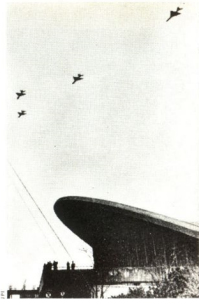
Straight-Shooters. At the heart of Ho's complex political equation is Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, 52, the stocky, slab-cheeked victor of Dien-bienphu and the man who runs Ho's considerable military establishment. Giap is tentatively pro-Moscow in his political orientation, but for a Communist general, he is basically apolitical. Unswervingly loyal to Ho, Giap has honed North Viet Nam's 250,000-man army into one of Asia's toughest military units. Though short on transportation and heavy artillery, Giap's men are tauntly disciplined and almost overweeningly proud. Some U.S. military men maintain that any invasion by Giap's troops could be slowed and maybe even stopped by the application of U.S. air- and seapower, but it would clearly be a tough, hard fight. North Viet Nam's navy, numbering about 26 PT-boats and some 50 armed junks, is inconsequential, while the straight-shooting air force mounts only 36 jets—all obsolescent MIG-15s and 17s.

Even with the aid of Chinese MIGs and Russian anti-aircraft missiles (none of which have yet turned up), Ho's country could be reduced to an even more dire penury than it now suffers by a mere week of U.S. air strikes. Communist that he is, Ho doubtless



BUNDESTAG MEETING

Down from the sky, childishly.



RED JETS OVER "THE OYSTER"

dreads the thought of massive aid with manpower from Red China, for it would mean virtual occupation by his vast neighbor. But he presumably has got Lyndon Johnson's message that the U.S. is staunchly committed to the cause of freedom in Southeast Asia. Thus, however the struggle is finally resolved, Ho must come out a loser.

BERLIN

A Simple Signpost

On the other side of the world from Hanoi, Soviet jets also sped across the skies. Only 500 feet above the rooftops of West Berlin whooshed dozens of supersonic MIGs. They fired salvos of blanks from their cannon, shattered the sound barrier once every seven minutes, shook windows, walls, nerves and eardrums all over town.

The "Ivans" dived lowest over West Berlin's sleek Congress Hall, nicknamed "the pregnant oyster," where West Germany's Bundestag was sitting in a one-day symbolic session. With the acquiescence of the three Western allies that still retain occupation rights in the city, the session had been convened—in defiance of Soviet wishes—to reaffirm West Germany's determination that Berlin will one day be the capital of a reunited Germany.

Petulant Performance. As a reprisal against the proceedings, the Red air circus was a petulant and ineffectual performance. So was its counterpart on the ground, where the Communists tied up traffic for nine days on the autobahns linking West Berlin with West Germany. Civilian and allied military cars were stalled in lines up to 15 miles long, as the Communists pretended to hold military "exercises" in the area. As soon as the Bundestag session was over, the Reds stopped their harassing flights and ended the exercises.

To a world preoccupied with newer

conflicts, the sound and fury serves as an apt reminder that one older problem remains unsolved. Two decades after World War II, Germany is still divided. Its onetime capital languishes as an occupied enclave. Whatever the legalisms involved, it seemed somehow strange that a sovereign West Germany actually had to ask the U.S., Great Britain and France for permission for its legislature to sit in West Berlin.

There was a time in the 1950s when the problem of divided Germany was on everyone's lips. Today it is seldom discussed. France and Britain seem uninterested, and in the U.S. there is equal indifference. One reason perhaps is the recent vogue for anti-Nazi popular culture. The thud of jackboots across the bestseller lists (*Armageddon*, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*), the screen (*Judgment at Nuremberg*, *The Longest Day*) and the stage (*The Deputy*, *Incident at Vichy*) tends to make many Americans think of Germany in terms of its bloody past.

New Generation. Fact is, 55% of West Germany's population today were under 25 years of age on V-E day, and the new generation hardly feels responsible for the sins of its elders. What does concern Germans of all ages is an increasing desire to assert a national identity, hardly a novel emotion. Polls show that reunification is a burning question for a majority of West Germans. Obviously the lack of real nationhood could give the spark of opportunity to precisely the kind of German ultranationalism that the world learned to dread in two world wars.

Chancellor Ludwig Erhard—so often criticized as the *Gummilöwe* (rubber lion)—this time correctly judged that bringing the Bundestag to meet in West Berlin was a simple and reasonable way not only to express his countrymen's wishes, but also to show that the Soviets were as unwilling as the West

to stir up another Berlin crisis. To the West Germans, the Berlin exercise was a signpost to the future, and the hollow Communist response suggested that perhaps other Western leaders could think about taking the initiative a little more often.

FRANCE

Les Américains

The craggy coast of Brittany juts into the Atlantic like the head of a hungry snapping turtle. Ragged with reefs and studded with wind-worn, prehistoric monuments, it is one of France's poorest but most picturesque regions. Even the names are striking: Brest and Quimper, Kernaladelen and Morbihan—echoes of the Celtic invasion from Wales that settled the giant peninsula about 500 A.D. Life is hard and poor, and even the tourist trade is seasonal at best, for tourists come only when the wet, ragged winds from the Channel let up in the summer, and a pale sunlight ignites the Montagnes Noires. But tucked away in the bleakness of Brittany is a village that doesn't quite fit. Gourin (pop. 3,000) is fat, smart and happy.

The reason for Gourin's eminently un-Britannic appearance is simple: "les Américains." That phrase defines the hundreds of Gourinois natives who have spent years in self-imposed American exile, then returned to Gourin with a tidy nest egg. Brittany has long been one of France's few labor-exporting regions, thanks largely to the peninsula's unyielding poverty. But of all the towns that send Bretons to the U.S., Gourin sends the most.

That fact is made evident by the tall, whitewashed houses of *les Américains* that set Gourin apart from the earth-hugging towns near by. The sound of carpentry rattles constantly through the town's tidy streets as 60 houses are currently under construction. Thanks to *les Américains*, Gourin's construction industry is Brittany's largest, and in the past generation, more than \$1,000,000 has been spent on houses alone. Gourin's biggest and finest grocery belongs to an *Américain*, as do one of the town's

three trucking businesses, a camera shop and a large clothing store. Attracted perhaps by Gourin's American-inspired affluence, a leather-goods manufacturer is building a factory there. "Gourin's answer to General Motors," grins Mayor Emile Le Gall, 56.

The Receptionist. Unlike the 19th century European immigrants who believed that the streets of America were literally paved with gold, Gourin's émigrés know that the cobblestones are rough—but not so rough as at home. "You've got to work like a dog, do jobs that Negroes and North Africans do in France," says one returned Gourinois. "Still, practically everybody in Gourin has some friend or relative there." Each Christmas Gourin gets 10,000 greeting cards from New York—and many contain dollars.

Most of the Bretons in New York are restaurateurs: of Manhattan's 75 French restaurants, fully 21 are owned and staffed by Gourinois. They range from the East Side's L'Escargot (which serves a Breton specialty, *homard à l'Armoricain*, for \$5) through the West Side's Café des Sports, where for \$1.80 a customer can demolish a head of lamb, drink two glasses of extraordinary *vin ordinaire*, and talk soccer with Proprietor Lucien Lozach, a former goalkeeper himself, who is keener on scores than on scullery.

Typical of the Gourin syndrome, Lozach was born there 36 years ago, left his father's bleak farm for lack of work, and became a "receptionist" in a Parisian meat factory. In 1952 he pulled up stakes and went west, became a bartender in his brother-in-law's New York restaurant, the Café Brittany, on Manhattan's West Side, and began learning the business from the bottom up. "Pigs' feet came first," he explains, "then on toward *tête de veau*." Today, lean and eager, and sporting a heavy gold ring, he is no man's receptionist. Indeed, Agence France-Presse's New York bureau phones him the French soccer results every Sunday afternoon.

The Tourists. Though Lozach does not intend to return to Gourin ("My kids were born here, and let's face it:

it's an easier buck"), many Gourinois do. Samuel Daouphars, 54, was a chef in Manhattan's Au Pêcheur restaurant for ten years before going home with his bundle. Now, like most of the town's 1,000 returned natives, he and his wife own a \$20,000 blue and white stone house in Gourin, busy themselves raising flowers and vegetables. "They work hard as hell in America," complains Daouphars. "And all that air conditioning doesn't do any good. Funny thing, too—both my wife and I ate hardly anything—toast for breakfast, soup for lunch, a bit of meat for dinner. But, due to a lack of proper exercise, I had a huge belly hanging out in front of me."

Unfortunately for most returnees, there is little at home to reduce those huge, Americanized bellies. Last week some 1,000 Bretons converged on Paris to demand less money for Charles de Gaulle's *force de frappe* and more for industrializing Brittany. Significantly, only four Gourinois turned up in the crowd. This summer Lozach has arranged for Air France to carry 212 Manhattan operatives of the Stade Breton—Gourin's local sport and socializing club—back to the home village. "They'll spend about \$2,000 each," Lozach explains. "That makes the place pretty wealthy."

GREAT BRITAIN

Toward Deflation?

In the days when the Royal Navy ruled the seas and marmalade was king, so much wealth flowed so steadily into Britain that even the waves seemed to pound in sterling. Times have changed, but habits have not. Ever since World War II, Britain has been living far beyond its means, and government after government has experimented with emergency measures to fend off disaster.

When Harold Wilson took over as Prime Minister last October, he was immediately confronted with the same old crisis. Out the window went his glittering plans for a free-spending dose of additional socialism. The gold and

DAVID GARR



LOZACH & STAFF



NEW HOMES IN GOURIN

Up from the meat factory, fat, smart and happy.

currency reserves were down to \$2.4 billion, barely enough to cover Britain's soaring trade deficit, and international confidence in the pound was sinking fast. To stave off devaluation, Wilson was forced to float a \$3 billion emergency loan abroad and slap an unpopular surcharge on imports. But that was just the beginning. Last week Wilson's Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, appeared in Parliament to read the annual budget report—and deliver the main blows.

Moors to Left. To cut the equivalent of \$280 million a year from the outflow of sterling, Callaghan slapped sharp controls on currency exchange to discourage British investment overseas and limit foreign-travel expenses to \$700 per trip. A second major goal was to take \$700 million a year in purchasing power out of the inflated economy—mostly by taxation. Stiff new sales taxes raised whisky by a whopping 56¢ a bottle, a pint of beer by a penny, forced cigarettes up to 75¢ a pack. A new corporation tax was in the works, and a 30% tax was put on capital gains—which have never been taxed before.

Risking labor unrest, the government canceled the \$2 billion project to build the controversial TSR-2 atomic bomber, announced that it might buy the cheaper American F-111A instead. To businessmen, the unkindest cut was the virtually total abolition of the tax-deductible expense account—which, charged Callaghan, "has grown to such a pitch that luxury flats are kept on expense accounts, yachts are hired, and Scottish landlords can turn a penny by letting their grouse moors."

SCROOGE CALLAGHAN, headlined the Daily Express. "An out-of-date socialist budget dictated by petty political prejudice," decided the Tory Sketch. But there was support as well. "Everyone knew it had to be an unpleasant budget, and it was," allowed the Conservative Daily Mail. Wrote the Mirror's pro-labor columnist, Cassandra: "James Callaghan held our noses and gave us the nasty medicine. We swallowed, grimaced and said, 'You blighter. Damn you. Don't try that again.' Then when he wasn't listening, a lot of folks said, 'Well, I suppose we had it coming.'"

Side by Side. Although Callaghan stepped hardest on the toes of the rich, the measures he laid out were straight from the book of conservative economics, and it was ironic that members of the banking community and hard-line socialists found themselves cheering side by side for deflation, sales tax and reduced government spending.

Wilson might not be as roundly cheered among rank-and-file voters. Although he has only a three-vote margin in Parliament, recent public polls have indicated that if he were to call an election in June he might increase Labor's majority by as much as 100 seats. Wilson may think twice before trying it, for his harsh budget makes an election a far riskier proposition.

IRELAND

The Mixture as Before

The only thing wrong with last week's general election in Ireland was that it didn't solve anything. The campaign was one of the shortest on record—lasting only four weeks after Premier Sean Lemass decided to take his Fianna Fail Party to the country.

After 3½ years of rule dependent on an alliance with independent members of the Dail—the Irish lower house—Lemass hoped to get a working majority. The opposition came from the Fine Gael Party led by James Dillon and the small but aggressive Labor Party of Brendan Corish. Lemass could, and did, campaign on the economic progress of recent years (TIME cover July 12, 1963). Fine Gael and Labor concentrated their fire on the lack of



PRIME MINISTER LEMASS

Short campaign, nothing solved.

welfare planning. Fine Gael, which is normally conservative and devoted to free enterprise, veered left and proposed a "more equitable distribution" of the nation's wealth.

Apparently, Ireland's 1,700,000 voters did not know quite what to make of it as they trudged to the polls on election day. After casting their ballots, everyone sat back and waited while election officials struggled with the complex Irish proportional representation system. In two constituencies, recounts were called for by narrowly beaten candidates. In Longford, West Meath, the loser claimed that mental patients in Mullingar hospital, allowed to vote for the first time, had been subject to undue influence by their doctors. With three seats subject to recount, at week's end Lemass' Fianna Fail held 71 seats, a rise of one; Fine Gael, 46. Labor won 21 seats and Independents captured three. With almost half of the 144 seats in the Dail and the support of at least one independent, Lemass could govern Ireland—but just barely.

CONGO REPUBLIC

An Abbé in Exile

Two years ago, when a labor uprising deposed the Brazzaville Congo's moderate President Fulbert Youlou, his leftist successor promised solemnly that "there will be no reprisals against Monsieur Youlou." There was good reason for caution, for the eccentric Youlou, a suspended Roman Catholic priest who still wears Dior-tailored habits, had been a popular President—and was the favorite son of the nation's most important tribal group.

But his talents and following made Abbé Youlou too dangerous to remain free, and so Revolutionary President Alphonse Massamba-Debat packed him off to a military camp on the outskirts of Brazzaville, locked him in a small house surrounded by 14 guards.

Purges & Plots. Even with Youlou in prison, Massamba-Debat found the going rough. His regime, falling increasingly under the control of the Communist Chinese embassy, has indulged in a series of purges and political repressions that have alienated much of his labor support, turned the Catholic Church against him, and fanned unrest. The vital port city of Pointe Noire is so close to rebellion that it is under an official state of emergency. In Brazzaville, two months ago, the secret police only crushed a counter-revolutionary plot within the government itself by arranging the assassinations of three senior officials, including the president of the Supreme Court, and jailing hundreds of functionaries suspected of "moderate" tendencies. Last month came more bad news: Abbé Youlou had escaped.

Alarmed, Massamba-Debat turned Brazzaville inside out to find him. For nearly a week, armed police and soldiers combed the native areas, even insisted on searching the homes of diplomats. In vain. When the abbé finally surfaced, it was across the river in Leopoldville, where Premier Moïse Tshombe immediately granted him asylum and installed him in a heavily guarded government villa next door to Parliament.

Mumm's the Word. It was an important coup for Tshombe: no African state has more openly plotted to overthrow him and none has given the Congolese rebels more sustained support than the Brazzaville regime. But no one would tell how the escape was arranged. Sticking close to his villa, the abbé spent hours last week conferring with high-ranking visitors—changing into a splendid new habit before receiving each delegation and quaffing freely the only liquid he considers drinkable, Mumm's Cordon Rouge champagne. As for the obvious question of whether he was planning a counter-revolt against the foes, Youlou was also mum.

But the possibility was enough to cause panic in Brazzaville, where Massamba-Debat fired at least two members of his Cabinet, including the Interior Minister, who had been responsible for

Malibu Super Sport Coupe, gone a wandering



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Spend some time. See horses, cows and countryside.
Sample what our Full Coil suspension does for comfort.

Highways try a car one way, byways another. Chevelle handles both in mannerly fashion. A big coil spring at each wheel soaks up jolts and jars, unruffling the most rumpled roads. There's a double-action shock absorber for each coil spring, too, and a front stabilizer bar to straighten out the curves.

We put more comfort in Chevelle than just the ride, though. You should see inside this Malibu Super Sport.

Foam-cushioned seats come upholstered all in vinyl. They're buckets up front, separated by a console when you order Powerglide or the 4-speed. There's also full instrumentation; ashtrays, armrests and stretch-out room in back; and carpeting underfoot.

Chevelle's handsome styling is obvious enough. Chevelle's power you order yourself, our tight-fisted 120-hp Six or whatever you think

you'd like for cruising the Interstate and exploring the countryside.

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SUDDENLY

a thousand more cities have jet airports

On February 25, the first flight of the Douglas DC-9 ushered in a whole new era of jet transportation.

The quick, quiet DC-9 is a new breed of jetliner. It can land or take off where only propeller aircraft could go before. It can be operated profitably over routes where passenger traffic previously was too light to warrant jet service.

So the places people can go by jet have been doubled.

This new addition to the Douglas royal family of jetliners has other virtues: speed and comfort equal to the biggest jets; a simple design that promises reliability beyond that ever achieved by any other airliner; many more.

DOUGLAS DC-9



COMFORT-CONDITIONED CABIN has seat and shoulder room to spare—allows passengers to stretch out and enjoy the serenity of the DC-9's swift, vibrationless flight. The new Douglas jetliner also has an advanced climate-control system which provides fresh, springlike air no matter what the outside temperature may be. Big windows offer magnificent hundred-mile views.



FAN JETS AT REAR leave engine sound behind, make the DC-9 cabin whisper-quiet. Because the proved engines possess extra reserves of power, Douglas has tuned them down. Result: they will last longer, go much longer between overhauls and provide even better reliability. Airport noise is no greater than that produced by propeller aircraft.



210 DC-9s are on order or option by Air Canada, Bonanza, Delta, Eastern, Hawaiian, KLM, Ozark, Swissair, TWA, West Coast.

Only Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect Martini Gin
...perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.



keeping Youlou safely behind bars. To replace him, Massamba-Debat named former Party Youth Boss André Hom-bessa, whose first official act was to fly off to Moscow to seek help.

SIKKIM

Hope-la in Gangtok

There is usually little zest to life in Sikkim, India's tiny protectorate in the Himalayas. For day-to-day kicks, some citizens can only contemplate the crags of majestic Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest mountain, marvel at the gay flowers that grow in profusion beneath its peaks, or laugh gaily at the frolicking wild pandas of the region. But last week excitement galore gripped the populace as chic photographers, starchy diplomats and perfumed post-debs from abroad suddenly inundated the charming little capital of Gangtok.

The occasion was the long-postponed coronation of His Highness Chogyal (King) Palden Thondup Namgyal, Sikkim's own maharajah. Squatting on 13 gold cushions in elaborate robes and felt boots embroidered with thunderbolts, he gravely accepted a fur-trimmed crown handed him by red-robed lamas, popped it on his head and thus became King—and honorary major general in the Indian army.

Lamas & Top Hats. At his side one of the world's two American-born reigning princesses* became Sikkim's Queen. Ex-New Yorker Hope Cooke (Sarah Lawrence '63) became Her Highness Hope Namgyal, Gyalmo (Queen) of Sikkim. She wore a pearl chaplet, a red *bhakku* over a white silk gown, and high-heeled shoes for the occasion. Her vast hazel eyes downcast, she whispered "Thank you, thank you," as a parade of lamas and top-hatted guests pressed forward to present the royal couple with cards marked with mystic symbols and heaps of white scarves for good luck.

With that, corks popped from champagne bottles, and turbaned bandsmen struck up tunes from *My Fair Lady* as lissome American girls, friends of the Queen who had flown in for the occasion, joined young Sikkimese aristocrats in dancing. Even the King and Queen did the twist and a quartet of Sikkimese Beatles shrilled their Himalayan version of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*.

Yak Butter for All. Sikkim rejoiced at having a crowned king; it would have had one sooner but for court astrologers, who had insisted on postponing the coronation for 16 months after the death of Thondup's father, Maharajah Sir Tashi Namgyal. King Thondup, a progressive monarch fond of blue Mercedes, has resolved to make his land "a paradise on earth" with high literacy and plenty of yak butter for all. "Hope-la," as Thondup affectionately calls the wife he married in 1963, is obviously happy in her role as Queen, wife and mother, keeps busy develop-



CHOGYAL THONDUP & GYALMO HOPE AT CORONATION
Sarah Lawrence was never like this.

ing Sikkim's handicrafts and studying Buddhism, though she has not formally adopted the faith. The Sikkimese wistfully pine for more autonomy under India, which handles their defense and foreign affairs and grants entry visas. But it is India's army that has thus far kept Peking from making another Tibet out of Sikkim. Red China's President Liu Shao-chi sent congratulations to the newly crowned King.

PAKISTAN

The Grand Tour

Pakistan's handsome President Mohammed Ayub Khan last week completed Stage 2 of his diplomatic grand tour. His first stop had been Peking, where he got the red-carpet treatment, was hailed by cheering thousands who beat gongs and drums in welcome, and had formal banquets and long talks with Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi. Out of it all came an interest-free \$60 million loan with which to purchase Chinese cement, textiles and machinery.

If Ayub Khan expected more of the same in Moscow, he was disappointed. The Soviet reception was correct but cool. There was no 21-gun salute; there were no TV cameras, no crowds of citizens trucked out from the city or little girls with floral bouquets. After all, Ayub Khan's new chumminess with China was not calculated to please, and Soviet leaders still remember that the U.S. U-2 spy plane shot down in 1960 over the Russian heartland had taken off from Pakistan's Peshawar base. But Russia's Premier Aleksei Kosygin was on hand as Ayub Khan, jauntily wearing a black caracul cap, came down the ramp accompanied by his daughter, Begum Aurangzeb, and his Foreign Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

There was time for only one talk with Party First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev before he and Kosygin entrained for

Poland. The talk was officially described as "friendly and frank"—and "frank" in Communist terms means disagreement. One purpose of the trip was Ayub Khan's hope to budge the Soviets from supporting India's claim to Kashmir, which is disputed by Pakistan. Still, Ayub Khan said he appreciated the "open-mindedness" of the Soviet leaders. He invited his hosts to visit him in Karachi, but Soviet President Anastas Mikoyan said he had already been there and someone else should go. At week's end there were still no takers.

Some marginal agreements were signed. Russia promised a loan of \$50 million for oil-well machinery and extended for another five years its oil-exploration project in Pakistan. On the economic side, trade between the two countries will be trebled, with Russia exchanging autos, tractors and road-building machinery for Pakistan's jute, raw cotton, hides and tea. Next week Ayub Khan continues his tour by jetting to Washington for conferences with President Lyndon Johnson and a five-day visit to the U.S.

CENTO

Language Lesson

In its ten years of existence, the Central Treaty Organization has never been much of an alliance. One of the original members, Iraq, soon dropped out. As others—Iran, Pakistan and Turkey—became more chummy with Moscow, CENTO's essential purpose as a military shield against Communist aggression lost its urgency. Nevertheless, alliances seem to have a life of their own, and last week delegates from the CENTO nations gathered solemnly in Teheran for the 13th ministerial meeting. With the opening speeches out of the way, the delegates spent two days composing a communiqué that satisfied no one, yet had the sound of unity.

* The other: Monaco's Princess Grace.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Purging the Baptists

Castro has never made any secret of his antipathy to the church. In 1961 he took over all Catholic schools, banned religious processions, even forced priests to obtain work permits to say Mass. Any troublesome ministers or priests he could not drive out of the country, he simply arrested and expelled. Last week, in one of his most far-reaching and irrational purges of the clergy to date, Castro jailed 40 Baptist ministers and 13 Baptist laymen, including two Americans: the Rev. Herbert Caudill, 61, a missionary in Cuba for 35 years and head of the 9,000-member Baptist Convention of Western Cuba, and Caudill's son-in-law, the Rev. James David Fite, 31, who has been in Cuba since 1960. They joined seven other Baptist ministers—none of them Americans—jailed in recent weeks.

To hear Radio Havana tell it, the *Bautistas* are nothing but Bible-packing CIA men. "Caudill," intoned Castro broadcasts, "gathered much military information, also information of an economic and political nature, which was turned over to espionage agencies in the U.S. At the same time, he received instructions and support from the U.S., issued propaganda against the revolution, helped and concealed counter-revolutionaries and trafficked in foreign exchange."

The U.S. State Department dismissed the charges as "absurd." But Washington was plainly concerned about the safety of the 60 Baptists. The arrests came only a few days after Castro executed a customs official accused of giving Cuban export figures to the U.S.—a far less serious offense than the crimes imputed to the Baptists.

VENEZUELA

P.J.'s Day in Court

Some cheered: "*Viva el General! Viva el General!*" Others cried: "*Thief! Assassin! Son of a whore!*" As police held back the crowd of 3,000, the armored van carrying Marcos Pérez Jiménez, 50, from his jail cell pulled up in front of Caracas' Supreme Court building. It had been more than seven years since the pudgy strongman was overthrown, and last week, after well-heeled exile in the U.S. and 19 not-too-austere months in Venezuelan prisons, Pérez Jiménez was finally being brought to trial.

The charges against him do not include such political crimes as jailing and torturing his opponents. Because of the niceties of political asylum, the U.S. agreed to extradite P.J. to Venezuela only if he were to be tried on standard criminal charges. Even so, the indictment was hardly standard. His

offense, according to the state, was to have "misused" \$13 million in government funds.

Pérez Jiménez seemed as buoyant as ever and just as fat. In Venezuelan jails he has regained the 50 lbs. that he lost in a Miami cell during the extradition proceedings. In the small courtroom, he chatted jocularly with the old cronies and reporters who swarmed around him. Even after the 15 justices had taken their places and the prosecuting attorney started droning through the 417-page indictment, P.J. continued to whisper to newsmen, who had not



PÉREZ JIMÉNEZ ON TRIAL
Jail is so fattening.

been allowed to interview him since his return. Among other courtroom comments, some of which were broadcast live on nationwide TV, the unchastened ex-dictator declared with heavy sarcasm: "I am most satisfied with this democratic regime that affords so many guarantees such as getting killed in the streets, personal and collective insecurity, sacking the nation's treasury, and mortgaging the country."

The trial will probably last for months. President Raúl Leoni is committed to making certain that all legalities are observed, and P.J.'s lawyers are planning an elaborate defense based on the argument that, since Congress authorized all appropriations and supervised the spending during P.J.'s regime, their client cannot be held responsible for the missing millions. In a way, Pérez Jiménez would make good his oft-repeated pledge: "Venezuela has not heard the last of P.J."

TRADE

Community for Prosperity

In a well-reasoned speech urging formation of a Latin American common market, U.S. Senator Jacob K. Javits last week argued that only by eliminating internal trade barriers and ultimately integrating their economies will Latin America's 19 nations solve their social and economic problems. Addressing U.S. and Latin American businessmen in Mexico City, the New York Republican pointed out that development of an economic community with unified trade policies and a common external tariff would 1) "greatly increase Latin America's leverage with the industrial countries of Western Europe, North America and Japan in the field of trade," and 2) exert a "powerful pull" on the outside capital that is essential for rapid industrial development.

220 Million Customers. In fact, Javits pointed out, Latin America today may be closer to economic unity than would appear from its many problems. Working toward that goal are the Alliance for Progress, the nine-nation Latin American Free Trade Association, and the five-nation Central American Common Market, as well as such private investment agencies as the Atlantic Community Development Group for Latin America (ADELA), which Javits himself initiated two years ago. He compares Latin America today to the Europe of ten years ago. Then, despite an impressive degree of economic cooperation, a full-fledged, six-nation Common Market seemed a utopian vision; three years later it was a reality.

Javits foresees a barrier-free trading area stretching from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego and embracing a population of 220 million, with an annual gross national product of \$75 billion (v. the European Common Market's 180 million population and \$250 billion G.N.P.). The area's sales potential would be so great that Latin Americans would be encouraged to manufacture their raw materials into finished goods themselves, thus not only creating new wealth and new jobs but also freeing the area from its forced dependence on exporting raw materials and importing finished goods. Javits envisions ultimate U.S. and Canadian membership in one vast hemispheric common market.

Considerable Considerations. The significance of Javits' challenging proposals is that they coincide with Administration thinking. As such, they will be given searching scrutiny in Latin American capitals. The Senator counseled against impatience: "We must recognize that Latin America would be trying to achieve in a decade what we in the U.S., after a century of trying, have not perfected—the operation of private business in the public interest."

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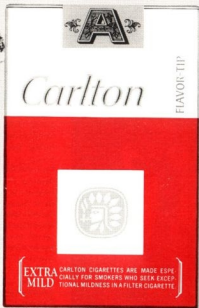
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PEOPLE

He leaves mountain climbing to Eastern Democrats. Nonetheless, California's **Governor Pat Brown**, 59, has been a physical-fitness buff ever since his days as an all-round athlete at San Francisco's Lowell High ('23). So when it came to promoting Teen-Age Fitness, Brown allowed that he'd be glad to lend a hand—two, in fact. Inspired by Connecticut's Gymnast Muriel Grossfeld, 24, a comely, three-time U.S. Olympic team member who's touring the country in the cause of trimmer teen-agers, Brown flopped on the light grey carpet in his Sacramento executive suite for an exhibition of gubernatorial push-ups. He got up—and down—to four, took a gasper, and then did three more before returning to less arduous duties. "I haven't," breathed Pat, "done this in a long time."

In a mock-minatory farewell address to London's Pilgrims Society, Britain's new Ambassador to the U.S., jolly, Cambridge-educated **Sir Patrick Dean**, 56, noted that the only other Cantabrigian to have represented the Crown in Washington was Sir Edward Thornton, who clung to the post for 14 years (1867-81), longer than any other British diplomat. Said Sir Patrick: "You have been warned!"

Zestfully thumping a guitar, he sings French ballads, hits from the London musical *Maggie May*, English and American folk songs. One song that is not in his repertoire, he confides to his Manhattan nightclub audience, is *Oh, My Daddy Is an Engineer*. "That," says **Noel Harrison**, 31, "would be ludicrous." Indeed it would. The only son of Rex Harrison and Marjorie Noel Thomas, Rex's first wife, Noel has a pleasant voice as well as a stylish way with a song—and when he got hugged by Friend Sybil Burton on opening



BROWN & GROSSFELD
Puffs from a buff.

night, he flashed a grin that was curiously evocative of his father's. And the critics agree that Noel may well go as far as Rex. Anyway, he sings a lot better.

The main speaker at the annual Explorers Club dinner in Manhattan was to have been that intrepid adventurer **Bobby Kennedy**, 39. At the last moment, though, New York's junior Senator was detained in Washington—and perhaps it was just as well. When the Explorers were treated to a five-minute color film showing Bobby's conquest of Mount Kennedy, they burst into jeering laughter at every glimpse of the Senator. Said Manhattan Lawyer Richard Steel, a director of the Explorers Club: "When you see Bobby being carried 8,000 ft. up the mountain by helicopter, then being carried the rest of the way between two professional climbers, a certain amount of gibling is to be expected."

The name was no handicap. Nor was all the free publicity showered on him when a couple of Tory M.P.s protested that the bloomin' British taxpayer was forking out ten quid a week to support—of all people—Would-Be Actor **Michael Chaplin**, 19, Wife Patricia, 25, and their six-month-old baby. All the same, Charlie's eldest son by Fourth Wife Oona O'Neill got off the dole by being just the slob for the job. The script of *Promise Her Anything*, which Hollywood Producer Stanley Rubin is filming in London, calls for a weird-beardie to play opposite Warren Beatty in a Greenwich Village comedy scene. After one look at young Chaplin's shoulder-length tresses, face-fuzz, tattered jeans and greasy jacket, Rubin exclaimed: "Why, he looks made for the part!"

What a lift-off! When he quit the Marines and hitched up with the Royal Crown Cola Co. as a director last October, Colonel **John H. Glenn Jr.**, 43, the West's first man in space, got an option on 60,000 of the company's shares at \$19.81 each. Since R.C.C. shares are

now orbiting above \$24, Glenn's paper profits have already soared over the \$250,000 mark. If the company's earnings keep climbing, Cola should land the astronaut safely on millionaire's row.

It'll be a while before they get down to Miami again. Three years, to be exact. Even so, Beachboys **Jack** ("Murphy") **Murphy**, 27, **Allen Dale Kuhn**, 26, and **Roger Clark**, 29, might have drawn up to 21 years each in the pokey for swiping \$410,000 worth of gems from Manhattan's Museum of Natural History last October. They rated "sympathetic consideration," New York Supreme Court Justice Mitchell D. Schweitzer decided, because they did help recover most of the gems, notably the 563-carat Star of India sapphire, the Midnight Sapphire, the Easter Egg emerald. If they can just manage to think where the still missing 100-carat De-Long ruby might be, they could get back in the swim by next spring. On the other hand, it will keep.

The exhibition, "Three Centuries of American Painting," ranges from Copley to Calder, from a Stuart portrait of Washington (circa 1796) to a circa tomorrow Rauschenberg. So who had eyes for Art? For the 260 preview-and-dinner guests, all lovingly culled by Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum from *Who's Most*, the picture to remember was **Lady Bird Johnson**, wearing a black faille strapless gown for the occasion. It was fastened, as the New York Times was constrained to note, "with a great buckle smack in the middle of her back," and completed by a matching stole forming "a portrait collar." So appropriate! Seasoned critics appraised it as authentic early '64. More yet. The outfit, explained Bess Abel, Mrs. Johnson's social shopper, had been bought by Thrift Shopper L.B.J., who used to tote home most of his wife's wardrobe in the days when he had time for such activities. Now that she can suit herself, Mrs. Johnson wears clothes mostly chosen by Neiman-Marcus. L.B.J. brands went thataway.



BURTON & HARRISON
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You round a bend in the path leading from the hotel. You climb a wall on a protruding rock stairway. You walk between two stone buildings . . . and there it is.

Suddenly you're aware of a silence so complete you can hear the Urubamba river flowing two thousand feet below. The silence sharpens your imagination . . . you can almost see Pizarro's Conquistadores marching along the river, searching unsuccessful-

ly for Machu Picchu and its treasure. You share the misery of a conquered people. And you mourn as the jungle slowly covers Machu Picchu, a city that is to remain asleep for over four hundred years.

Now *you* can explore its houses, temples, tombs. Peer down from its watchtowers. And in no time, you'll find that instead of capturing Machu Picchu—it has captured you!

Machu Picchu, easily reached from Lima, is just one of the many exciting places on South America's West Coast. On your trip you can include the beautiful Chilean lake country, breath-

taking Iguazú Falls, or cosmopolitan Buenos Aires. It's easy when you fly Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel.

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MERCEDES-BENZ 600

You can always phone the fellow in "der Grosse."

THE HIGHWAY

A Limousine in Your Future?

The honeymoon with the compact car is over. The Big Car is back in style. At the current International Auto Show in New York, the biggest news from Detroit was Ford's new LTD limousine.

The thought that the company that fathered the tin lizzie sees a limousine in its future was startling enough. But it was not alone. The land of the Volkswagen turned up with the Mercedes-Benz 600, which may become the flagship of the world's dry-land luxury liners.

Breasting the tape at 19 ft. 5 in., the LTD limousine is clearly poaching in Cadillac's backyard. For approximately \$9,000 or \$2,300 less than a Caddy limousine, the poor man's tycoon gets air conditioning, seating room for eight (with two jump seats) and 300 horses that, Ford claims, will run as quietly as the next man's Rolls-Royce. The extras include a tiny Sony TV and a Princess phone. The LTD already has 50 firm orders, will begin rolling off the assembly line by the end of the year.

One foot longer than Ford's entry into the chauffeur field, the Grand Mercedes is twice the car. It ought to be. The price, f.o.b. New York, is \$23,500, enough to buy two LTDs with a couple of Volkswagens thrown in. With two rear-facing club chairs in the passenger saloon, "der Grosse" seats seven, sports enough engineering advances and lux-

MODERN LIVING

ury gadgets to make the most jaded automaniac drool.

The 300-h.p. engine can accelerate the behemoth up to 63 m.p.h. in 9.7 seconds, faster than some sports cars, and the four-wheel disk brakes can stop it on a pfennig. A pneumatic suspension system keeps the car on an even keel through the sharpest curve, invisible wires in the rear window banish ice and frost, and a poke of the finger simultaneously locks all four doors, the trunk and the gas tank cap.

To date, 230 people own *der Grosse* (or its slightly smaller version, priced at only \$20,000), and another 600 have placed orders. Among them are King Hussein, Marshal Tito, Archbishop Makarios, Indonesia's Sukarno, Playboy Hugh Hefner and Mao Tse-tung. If LTD customers will not be traveling in such fast company, at least they can ostentatiously watch their TV or chat on the phone as Mercedes 600 sails by. But then, Mercedes passengers may be too exhilarated to notice—their car has a built-in bar.

More Deaths in Europe

Dangerous as the U.S. motorist may be to himself and others, he can take some consolation from the fact that his European counterpart is worse. The United Nations' Economic Commission for Europe recently reported that there are twice as many fatalities per miles driven in Europe as there are in the U.S. In 1963, 80,000 Europeans were killed on the road; with twice as much traffic, the U.S. had only 43,400 highway deaths. Concluded the commission: "For the most part, these differences can only be explained by better driving by the people who use the roads."

FOOD

Vanishing Taste

What—no caviar? Gourmets, restaurateurs and conspicuous consumers may quail at the thought, but the possibility is a real one.

The astounding fact is that 85% of the world's supply of this capitalist treat comes from the Caspian Sea, and all Caspian sturgeon breed in a single

1,000-acre sand-and-gravel spawning ground near the mouth of Russia's Volga River—even those caught in Iranian waters. An article in Russia's highbrow literary newspaper *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, signed by a group of intellectuals that included eight biologists, contained a dire warning that the completion of a projected hydroelectric power station would reduce the spawning grounds to a mere 22 acres.

Would virgin sturgeon, urged or un-urged, find some other spawning ground? Probably not, said the scientists gloomily. The industrial pollution of European and American waterways has gradually eliminated the big fish just about everywhere but in the Caspian. And every effort to encourage the sturgeon to breed in substitute man-made environments has met with total failure. The signers concluded with the questionably Marxist speculation that maybe a bit more electricity was hardly worth having no caviar to go with one's well-chilled vodka.

When and if the Caspian closes down, the world's high livers will have to adjust their taste buds to Canadian caviar—a slightly sweeter version that currently sells fresh for about \$20 a pound (v. about \$50 a pound for fresh Russian caviar). But even this supply is limited. Canadian industrial growth may limit it still more, and the taste of the tiny grey fish eggs exploding on the tongue may soon be a fading memory.



FORD'S SONY

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1965 TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competitor
LOS ANGELES	40	48
SAN DIEGO	50	52
RING CROSSBY	55	56
LUCKY OREN	60	68
BALM SPRINGS	75	90
PHOENIX OPEN	58	59
TUCSON OPEN	61	64
PGA SENIORS	66	62
PENSACOLA	54	55
DORAL	52	53
JACKSONVILLE	64	64
AZALEA	76	110
GREENSBORO	52	53
MASTERS	24	15
TOTAL	1,165	463

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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Now Comes the Sixth Amendment

In case after case, the Supreme Court is putting new muscle into the 174-year-old Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments of the U.S. Constitution. Amendments 1 through 8 were long held to protect individuals only against the powers of the Federal Government, but now they are becoming a shield against the states as well. Last week the court raised that shield once more by applying to all state criminal courts the Sixth Amendment guarantee that anyone accused of crime shall "be confronted with the witnesses against him."

The "confrontation clause" is basic to the U.S. idea of fact-finding trials; it rejects secret charges that cannot be tested in open court. With a few exceptions, such as previous testimony by deceased persons, it means that witnesses may be cross-examined face to face so that juries can determine the truth not only by what is said but also by how it is said.

Absorbed Rights. In the case that produced last week's landmark decision, Texas had refused to uphold that right. Accused of a \$375 holdup, Bob Granville Pointer was haled before a preliminary hearing in Houston. He had no lawyer and did not cross-examine his alleged victim, who then moved to California and did not appear at Pointer's trial. Vainly invoking the confrontation clause, Pointer was convicted on the transcript of the absent victim's untested testimony. Because he could have cross-examined at the preliminary hearing, the state's highest court upheld his conviction.

The Supreme Court might well have reversed Pointer's conviction almost routinely; as far back as 1899, the court held that confrontation is fundamental to fair trial, a concept embodied in the "due process" guarantee that the 14th Amendment now imposes on the states. But Pointer's appeal revived a question that has long roiled the court: Does the 14th Amendment "incorporate" the specifics of the Bill of Rights and impose them on the states? If so, states must obey the full letter of the Sixth Amendment's confrontation clause.

Hotly opposed to incorporation, the late Justice Felix Frankfurter argued that states should be free to experiment with due-process limits that were to be largely defined by the Supreme Court's conscience. Just as hotly, Justice Hugo Black argued that Bill of Rights specifics were more dependable than nine shifting consciences. The court itself has taken a middle course called "absorption." Bit by bit, it has redefined 14th Amendment due process to include more and more of the Bill of Rights.

Basic Agreement. Speaking for the court, Justice Black thus cited recent decisions that oblige states to observe the

Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination (*Malloy v. Hogan* in 1964) and the Sixth Amendment's right to counsel (*Gideon v. Wainwright* in 1963). To be sure, the court said flatly in 1904: "The Sixth Amendment does not apply to proceedings in state criminal courts." But in the light of *Gideon*, *Malloy* and other "absorption" cases, ruled Black, statements "generally declaring that the Sixth Amendment does not apply to states can no longer be regarded as law." After reversing Pointer's conviction on these grounds, the court emphasized its new doctrine by doing exactly the same in another confrontation case in Alabama.

While concurring in the result, Justice John M. Harlan sharply rapped the court's reasoning as "another step in the onward march of the long-since dis-



APPELLANT POINTER

A new guarantee to face the accuser.

credited "incorporation" doctrine." Harlan strongly favors Frankfurter's idea of flexible due process. Unhappy even with absorption, Harlan feels that the court's present course "increasingly subjects state legal processes to enveloping federal judicial authority."

But in another concurring opinion, Justice Arthur Goldberg pointedly attacked Harlan's approach as requiring the court "to intervene in the state judicial process with a considerable lack of predictability and a consequent likelihood of considerable friction." Moreover, to extend the Bill of Rights is not to extend federal power, said Goldberg, "but rather to limit the power of both federal and state governments in favor of safeguarding the fundamental rights and liberties of the individual."

Clearly, the philosophies differ. But just as clearly, *Pointer v. Texas* shows that all nine present Justices agree that certain basic rights cannot be denied by any state government anywhere in the U.S.

JUDGES

Unfrightened Crusader

In Philadelphia last month, seven Negro boys dragged a white girl off a subway platform and tried to rape her on the tracks before they were driven off by a U.S. sailor who went to her rescue. Angry police called for 1,000 more men; cops with dogs began riding the subways. But of all incensed citizens, none acted faster than Juvenile Court Judge Juanita Kidd Stout, who warned that 27 active juvenile gangs "threaten to take over the city."

To prevent a repetition of last summer's Negro riots, Judge Stout immediately set herself a personal goal: the jailing of 1,000 delinquents, most of whom, police said, were Negroes. As a result, the judge has already been threatened with death three times. All the more remarkable is the fact that she herself is a Negro—the first elected Negro woman judge in the U.S.

Lazy Homes. A stern moralist of 46, Judge Stout totally embodies her mother's motto: "Make yourself useful." Raised in Oklahoma, she whipped into third grade at the age of six, later taught school and then earned law degrees at Indiana University. In Philadelphia, she practiced criminal law, became an assistant D.A., and in 1959 overwhelmingly won election to a ten-year term on the county court. Barely 5 ft. tall, she peers from the bench atop three extra cushions and often keeps no-lunch court hours that make attendants mutter, "She's made of steel."

Her pet hate is the welfare system: "The tragedy of relief is that it has taken away from people the drive to work. I deplore a system that regards the indiscriminate handing out of checks as its prime function, that subsidizes the lazy and immoral home with the taxpayer's dollar." To stem Philadelphia's juvenile crime (up 27% last year), Judge Stout, who is married but childless, advocates taking children away from relief homes and raising them in public dormitories where they can be urged to buckle down to schoolwork.

Knives & Chains. The trouble is that Pennsylvania is woefully short of facilities for problem children on the scale



JUANITA KIDD STOUT
A goal: to jail 1,000 delinquents.

she envisions. By tossing the kids in jail, Judge Stout has now so dramatized the problem that the state legislature may soon relieve Philadelphia by opening up an old prison and building a new detention center for delinquents. To officials who lament the cost, Judge Stout snaps: "Let them raise taxes. Which is more important: rehabilitation or continued high crime rates?"

The American Civil Liberties Union is not happy with Judge Stout's self-styled "swift justice," which may overlook constitutional niceties. She is also in continuing physical danger; one spectator shaken down in her courtroom recently produced 22 weapons, ranging from knives to scissors to an 18-in. dog chain. Armed with round-the-clock bodyguards, however, the judge goes serenely on her way. "If they can frighten the courts," she says, "they will just take over. I don't intend to be frightened."

Oklahoma's Shocking Scandal

Little in U.S. judicial history comes close to matching the scandal now swirling around the Oklahoma State Supreme Court. Last week Oklahoma's senate scheduled proceedings against Justice Napoleon Bonaparte Johnson,

74, on impeachment charges by the state house of representatives. His colleague, Justice Earl Welch, 73, will escape the same fate only because he recently resigned in the wake of charges that he and Johnson took bribes in exchange for favorable decisions. Meanwhile, a state grand jury has indicted the two justices, both of them Oklahoma Indians. The alleged bribery ring-leader is former Chief Justice Nelson S. Corn, 80, himself a convicted federal tax evader, as is Justice Welch.

In 1957, then Chief Justice Welch wrote a 6-to-2 opinion reversing a \$200,000 state tax claim against a now defunct investment company that allegedly milked millions from trusting shareholders. Whatever the facts, it was only last year that evidence began mounting against the three elderly jurists. For federal tax evasion, Welch received a three-year rap but stayed on the bench pending his appeal. For the same charge, Corn pleaded *nolo contendere* (no contest) and served six months of an 18-month sentence.

After being released last winter, Corn signed an 84-page statement admitting that in the 1957 tax case he had sold his vote for \$150,000, from which he said he paid \$7,500 apiece to Justices Welch and Johnson. In 1959, Corn added, he paid his brethren another \$2,500 apiece in an oil-lease case.

On Corn's evidence, the State Supreme Court last December voted to disbar Justice Welch. It was a meaningless gesture since the court had previously held that a lawyer leaves the bar when he ascends the bench—an opinion that was written by Welch himself. If they are convicted on the bribery charges, however, Welch and Johnson face maximum sentences of ten years' imprisonment and a \$5,000 fine. For allegedly lying about his part in the conspiracy, a federal grand jury has also slapped a perjury indictment against Lawyer Otto A. Cargill, 80, former mayor of Oklahoma City.

Shocked, the state bar association recently investigated the State Supreme Court. Though it cleared seven of the nine justices, omitting Welch and Johnson, the court has obviously suffered a crushing loss of prestige.

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WELCH



CARGILL



JOHNSON



CORN

A vote sold for \$150,000?

MUSIC

DANCE

Man in Motion

(See Cover)

The doors of the blue bus hissed open and 120 members of the Lenin-grad-Kirov Ballet filed into the waiting room at Paris' Le Bourget Airport. Once they were inside, one of the troupe's two "bodyguards" grimly stationed himself at the main exit. As he did, a young, sullen-faced dancer in an ill-fitting grey suit drifted away from the group. Then, suddenly hurrying his pace, he disappeared into the swarm of travelers. The second bodyguard gave chase, frantically pawed his way through the crowd until he found the dancer hiding behind a pillar. "I won't go!" the dancer screamed, and they began to grapple. Wrenching himself free, the dancer bolted into the airport bar and flung himself into the arms of two startled French policemen. "I want to stay!" he cried. "I want to stay!"

So began the career of Rudolf Nureyev in the West. As entrances go, it could not have been more compelling if it had been choreographed by Alfred Hitchcock. In the four years since his leap to freedom, Nureyev (pronounced Nu-ray-yef) has never stopped going up. At first he was a side-show curiosity, a defector in tights. Critics dubbed him "the dancing bear" and "the boy Sputnik." But as he danced across the stages of Europe and North America, the wondering soon turned to wonder. Now, on the eve of a three-month return tour of the U.S. with Britain's Royal Ballet, Rudolf Nureyev stands out as one of the most electrifying male dancers of all time.

Not since Vaslav Nijinsky stunned audiences with his aerial virtuosity half a century ago has a male dancer so completely captivated the world of ballet. When he leaves the theater, hordes of glaze-eyed females of all ages have been known to surround his car and fall on their knees chanting "Thank you, thank you." The admiration extends backstage as well. Whenever he performs, dancers crowd the wings to watch and learn. "Watching Rudi is more than an education," explains the Royal Ballet's Alexander Grant. "He makes every step seem beautiful, possible and important."

Prince & Swan. If this were not enough, Nureyev has been further blessed with a classic partner—Dame Margot Fonteyn, long the reigning ballerina of the Western world. Since they teamed up on the stage of the Royal Ballet three seasons ago, a mystique

has grown up around them that rivals the most ethereal fantasies they portray onstage. They have about them all the magic makings for a fairy-tale romance. He is 27, a moody, mysterious Tartar bristling with savage charm. She is 45, an alabaster beauty of elegant refinement. He is the glittering young prince in the first bloom of creative life. She is the dying swan in the last flutter of a shining career.

When Rudi came roaring out of the East, Margot was fading. Now, fired by his inspiration, she has risen to new heights. That their hour onstage must



NUREYEV WITH ERIK BRUHN
Even when still, an exclamation point.

be so brief—at best, she has perhaps only three more years of dancing left—only heightens the tragic beauty of it all. The principals themselves are not untouched. Their curtain calls have become ballets in miniature. They are always the same. Margot lovingly plucks a flower from her bouquet, tenderly puts it to her lips, and with a deep curtsy presents it to Rudi. He in turn humbly sinks to one knee and kisses her hand for one long, frozen moment. This brings a shower of flowers from the galleries and often a laurel wreath, which Rudi solemnly places on his head. Then they stand there with arms outstretched until the stage around them is blanketed with blossoms.

Neglected Child. Nureyev and Fonteyn have danced together some 170 times, and rarely before anything but sold-out houses. The night before tick-

ets go on sale, hundreds of eager Britons set up camp outside the Covent Garden box office, where prices are listed in three categories: matinees, evenings, and Nureyev-Fonteyn. By noon there is not a single ticket to be had in all of London, except from scalpers, and they command up to \$420. It is the same wherever Nureyev and Fonteyn go. At the inaugural gala for President Johnson in January, featuring the biggest names in the entertainment world, Nureyev and Fonteyn's *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire* won the longest ovation of the evening. As one critic crassly but correctly put it: "They are the hottest little team in show biz."

As such, they have attracted scores of people to the ballet who would not know a piroquette from a pratfall. They symbolize, in fact, a major resurgence of interest in the dance, long culture's most neglected child. A decade ago, there were only 75 dance companies in the U.S.; today there are 225, amateur, semiprofessional and professional. In New York, for instance, the Royal Ballet was preceded by a four-week season mounted by the American Ballet Theatre, and will run concurrently with a five-week season of Balanchine's New York City Ballet. Washington now has its own ballet company, and Boston, which in 1929 banned females from dancing "in legs bare," this year welcomed its first professional ballet group with a sold-out season. Last month Los Angeles launched its first resident ballet company with an appropriately spectacular champagne gala.

Frosty Abstracts. This renaissance has come in two parts, at least so far as the U.S. is concerned. Parties to the first part have been the postwar invasion of the classic Russian companies, along with visits from the genial Royal Danish Ballet and the Royal Ballet itself, all leaving their homelands for the first time and demonstrating to the U.S. just what a combination of muscular *brio* and enchanted spectacle the classical ballet can be.

The wave of excitement and interest engendered by these first-time-evening events gave a new impetus to a whole area of native products that had been just struggling along, depending on the loyal support of a relatively small band of devoted followers. Most devoted (and most scornful of all variants) are the admirers of George Balanchine, whose subtle, complex and frostily abstract ballets are accepted as the best and most inventive of modern choreography. Balanchine's disciples feel that Nureyev and company are old hat. The less sophisticated complain that the Balanchine abstractions, though fascinating, lack emotional substance, and find a long diet of them debilitating.

Then there is the school of dancers who scorn both Nureyev and Balanchine. They dance barefoot, and expression is their watchword. Anyone who



MASKED FOR THE CAPULETS' BALL, Nureyev dances with Virginia Wakelyn in Serge Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*.

ALAN WILSON



REG WILSON

IN A SUPPORTED CABRIOLE, Nureyev lifts Dame Margot Fonteyn during a *pas de deux* that highlights the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*.

IN A CLASSIC POSE combining supple strength and consummate grace, Nureyev embraces Dame Margot in a scene from *Marguerite and Armand*.



ANTHONY CRICCAWAY

does not wear a leotard or Levi's is suspect, and a tutu is anathema, Martha Graham is their goddess, José Limón her consort. But in the general upsurge of interest in the dance, they have moved out of the borrowed high school auditorium, the dingy halls and one-night stands in Manhattan's 92nd Street Y.M.H.A. into engagements at the glittering New York State Theater and Philharmonic Hall.

They are mostly American, but even Europe has felt their impact. Amsterdam's Netherlands Dance Theater, with three U.S. choreographers, has become in its six years of existence one of the Continent's most excitingly creative companies. Under the influence of U.S. modern dancers, John Cranko has made a new place for Stuttgart's Opera Ballet, as Maurice Béjart has at Brussels. Even London itself has taken to the modern dance, with the U.S.'s Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor and Alvin Ailey scoring one resounding success after another.

Changed Image. But just as there are those who will always prefer Beethoven to Stravinsky, the classic ballet will always keep a central place in the repertory of the dance. And as part and parcel of the classic revival, there has been a resurgence of the male virtuoso.

In its primitive beginnings around some tribal fire, and later in the more elegant surroundings of the courts of Paris, dancing was always dominated by the male. A long line of kings—Francis II, Charles IX, Louis XIII—cut some mean figures on the palace dance floor. King Louis XIV, too fat to solo, founded the world's first ballet company (1669) to carry on in his stead. Only then, for decorative purposes, did women eventually begin to creep into the act. As skirts went up and heels came off, the ladies came more and more to the fore, setting the stage in 1832 for the appearance of Marie Taglioni, a gossamer goddess who took Paris by storm with the neat little trick of dancing on her toes.

Ever since, save for a brief flourish of male virtuosos led by Nijinsky in the early 1900s, the prevailing attitude has been, as so often repeated by the New York City Ballet's George Balanchine, that "ballet is woman." Now the men are coming back. In fact, the whole image of the male dancer is changing. Jacques d'Amboise, for example, could pass as a halfback for the New York Giants rather than what he is, a principal dancer for the New York City Ballet. Still, shrugs d'Amboise, whenever he is introduced to someone, "I see in their eyes the nagging question: 'Is he a man?'" Many male dancers are not.

Sometime Freak. So what? cry some balletomans. Indeed, homosexual dancers can be the most manly of performers. But not always, and the sissy reputation they have given the art has deterred a large segment of the male population from ever going to see "one

of those pansy ballets," much less even considering the dance as a career. Even today, if a boy hints that he might like to be a dancer, he becomes the playground freak, and Daddy goes rushing off to consult the family psychiatrist.

But times are changing, and where once the ratio of girls to boys taking up the dance was 50 to 1, it is now about 15 to 1. As a result, the world's top ballet companies can now boast the most gifted generation of male dancers ever.

► The Royal Danish Ballet's Erik Bruhn, 36, is the supreme *danseur noble*. Among dancers, his technique is rated as the closest thing yet to classic perfection. Eschewing fire for finesse,

roles as Basil in *Don Quixote* and the prince in *Cinderella*.

► The Leningrad-Kirov Ballet's Yuri Soloviev, 25, is the shining archetype of the precise, understated 19th century classical tradition espoused by the Kirov. Though constructed along the lines of a weight lifter, he is a gracefully lyrical dancer noted for his long, floating leaps.

Then there is Rudolf Nureyev. Onstage he is bigger than life. In life he is barely 5 ft. 8 in., a lithe, finely muscled 160 lbs. He has the look of a petulant faun—pouting mouth, sharp features, hollow cheeks—topped off with a shaggy, leonine swirl of hair that looks as if it had been combed with an electric mixer. He trims it himself, with

toenail clippers. Says Ballerina Sonia Arova: "Whenever we are dancing together, I spend all my offstage time pinning up his hair and spraying it. He feels it is very poetic." One unimpressed critic dismissed him as "the senior member of the Rolling Stones."

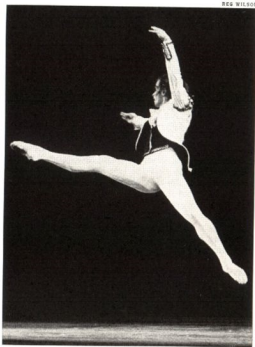
To all critics, Nureyev has a stock reply: "I am Nureyev, dancer, nothing more than that. I am on sale. It is free enterprise. If you like, you buy. If you don't like, you leave alone."

On Wire. His incredibly high, arching jumps always bring a gasp from the audience. With head back, one arm extended to point the course, he effortlessly lifts off and then, as he says, "I fly." His trajectory is beyond the proper limits of the body. At the apex of his elevation he hangs in mid-air for one long impossible crucial moment, as if suspended by piano wire, before making his feathery descent. His legs scissoring like hummingbird wings, he can rocket four feet

straight up in the air with just the slightest bend of his coiled-spring legs.

Nureyev carries with him a magnetic atmosphere full of electricity and surprise, some hint of inscrutable purpose that makes his simple presence the most significant fact of the ballet. His style is marked by a sublime ellipsis in tempo, an aerial freedom, a sense of allegro melancholy. His transitions within a variation are pure and unlabored, most wonderfully in *La Bayadère*, a kind of balletic obstacle course that has become his personal tour de force.

He has his faults. His characterization tends to be too generalized, his stage behavior occasionally undisciplined. And sometimes, in the fury of his involvement, his interpretation becomes overly mannered, his arms too soft and pretty. "I saw Rudi and Margot dance in *Giselle* one night," says a



NUREYEV IN "LAURENTIA"
Beyond the body's limits.

he wins with his princely grace and finely chiseled Nordic profile. Says Italy's Prima Ballerina Clara Fracci: "Nureyev is like Callas singing Bellini; Bruhn is like Schwarzkopf singing Mozart."

► The New York City Ballet's Edward Villella, 29, a former amateur boxer and baseball player, is a masterful actor and prodigious jumper. Slight, darkly handsome, he brings a rambunctious *joie de vivre* to the dance that has made him the darling of the galleries and, with d'Amboise, the new hope for male dancers in the U.S.

► The Bolshoi Ballet's Vladimir Vasiliev, 25, is an impetuous, thick-legged virtuoso of the acrobatic. He is perhaps the highest jumper of them all. And at the Bolshoi, where spectacle comes before style, that counts for everything. An accomplished painter and passionate actor, he excels at such character

male dancer, "and I couldn't tell which was the ballerina."

Beyond all that, Nureyev possesses a mysterious charismatic gift called presence. Callas has it. Richard Burton has it. It is an animal magnetism, an ineffable, extrasensory something that rivets all eyes on Nureyev, whether he is center stage or obscured in the shadows. Just standing still, he is an exclamation point.

Perfect Relation. Some of his presence has rubbed off on Fonteyn's classical technique, lending a new tingle to her Picasso-like purity of line. "Something quite special happens when we dance together," says Fonteyn. "It's odd, because it's nothing we've discussed or worked on, yet there in the photos both heads will be tilted to exactly the same angle, both in perfect geometric relationship to each other."

In the artistic relationship of Nureyev and Fonteyn, he is the dominant force, amending, criticizing, suggesting. It comes naturally to him, just as his gifts for choreography do. His restaging of the Kirov's full-length *Raymonda* was a pretty, sugar-spun spectacle and, along with Nureyev's offstage antics, the roaring sensation of last year's Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds in Italy. Last October he rechoreographed the Petipa-Ivanov version of *Swan Lake* in Vienna. In his strong belief that "the Amazonian takeover" of the ballet has resulted in an appalling denigration of the male, Nureyev scissored Tchaikovsky's music, jiggered dances, and virtually reworked every number until the dreamy fairytale prince emerged as a rip-snorting hero who dominated both the dance and drama.

The Tartar. Nureyev was in fact born in motion—on a train rattling across the icy stretches of Siberia. It was 1938, and his peasant mother was en route to visit his father, a soldier assigned to teach Communist doctrine to a Rus-

sian artillery unit stationed just then in Vladivostok. But Nureyev does not feel Russian. Both his parents, he proudly points out, are descendants of the "magnificent race of Bashkir warriors," and therefore "I am Tartar, not Russian." The Tartar temperament, he explains, is a "curious mixture of tenderness and brutality."

With his father away on war duty, his mother moved in with her brother-in-law and another family in the town of Ufa on the dark steppes west of the Ural Mountains. Nureyev lived in one room with nine other people, including his three sisters. "My prevailing memory," he says, "is one of hunger—consistent, gnawing hunger." To get food, mostly goat cheese and potatoes, his mother peddled all of his father's civilian clothes piece by piece—belts, suspenders, boots. "Daddy's grey suit was really quite tender," the children would say. Since he had no shoes, his mother had to carry him to school on her back, and since he had no overcoat, he had to wear his sister's hand-me-down cape. Understandably, he became the class oddball, and a loner from the beginning.

When he was seven, one of the teachers taught him a few Bashkir folk dances, and he was soon touring the local hospitals with the school troupe. One night the Ufa Opera Ballet imported a name ballerina and, though he did not have the price of a ticket, Nureyev went by the theater determined somehow to get in. As fate would have it, the crush of the crowd was so great that the doors of the theater collapsed and in he went. It was the first ballet he had ever seen. "Watching the dancers that night," he recalls, "I had the absolute certitude that I had been born to dance."

Meanwhile, his teachers were besieging his parents with letters complaining about his incorrigible behavior

at school: "He jumps like a frog and that's about all he knows; he even dances on the staircase landings." His father ordered him to give up dancing. He acquiesced, but invented excuses to slip away at night to neighboring villages to perform with a touring folk-dance group. The performances were held by the light of kerosene lamps on an improvised stage suspended between two trucks.

Broken Rules. At 15, Nureyev joined the Ufa Opera's *corps de ballet*, saved his money, and a year later bought a one-way ticket to Leningrad to audition for the Kirov. Though by Russian standards he was about six years late in beginning his formal training, he was accepted for the Kirov's ballet school. He immediately distinguished himself as its most brilliant and most unmanageable student, violated every curfew regulation, fought with his instructors. He lectured a teacher in front of the whole company on the evils of the Kirov's "systematic wearing-down of the individual," took private English lessons and read J. D. Salinger. He refused to join the Komsomol, a training group for the Communist Party. He was guilty of fraternizing with dancers from foreign touring companies. He was not being subversive, or even rebelling. Nureyev is totally apolitical. He simply wanted to see everybody and anybody who danced.

When the Kirov made its debut in Paris in 1961, a Soviet plainclothesman tailed Nureyev wherever he went. And he went everywhere, touring the city with French friends he had met. This brought more scoldings from the Kirov management, but Nureyev persisted. Then, when the company arrived at Le Bourget that June morning to fly to London, Nureyev was informed that he was to go instead to Moscow to dance in the Kremlin, and could rejoin the tour later. "Dance in the Kremlin in-

SOLOVIEV

VILLELLA

MARTHA DRUPE

D'AMBOISE

JOHN DOWNS—LIFE

VASILIEV



deed," scoffs Nureyev in retrospect. "I knew this was a crisis. I was like a bird inside a net. A bird must fly, see the neighbor's garden and what lies beyond." So he flew.

The Team. Paris' Marquis de Cuevas Ballet instantly hired Nureyev for \$400 a week, more than he had made in six months with the Kirov. His mother, brought to Moscow by the government, called him every day on government orders and pleaded with him to come home. But, he says, he forever erased any thoughts of returning when, at his debut performance, the local Communists staged a raucous demonstration and scattered the stage with broken glass.

During his first year in the West, Nureyev was looking for a permanent home with one of the major companies. Most of all, he wanted to dance under Balanchine. But when a meeting was finally arranged, the great man said: "Rudolf, when you are tired of playing the prince, come to me." Eventually Nureyev decided that Balanchine was exercising a "castrating influence" on the male dancer and said so publicly. That eliminated the New York City Ballet. Five months after his defection, Nureyev received an invitation from Margot Fonteyn to dance at her annual London charity gala. Both were so instantly taken with each other ("He is the first Russian I met who can make me laugh," she said) that they decided to team up. They made their debut in February 1962 in *Giselle*, and the flame was lit.

Twist & Change. The dizzying suddenness of Nureyev's arrival has left him, as a friend says, "like a mobile, changing with every twist of the wind." Hardly a model of stability in the first place, his foul-weather moods have grown to gale intensity. While performing at the Spoleto festival last year, he was invited to an informal dinner party at Composer Gian Carlo Menotti's home. When he arrived, he promptly ordered one of the guests to "get me a plate." When the guest politely informed him that it was a serve-yourself proposition, he snorted: "Nureyev never serves himself! He is served!" With that, he smashed his whisky glass on the floor and stomped out. When the festival's photographer wanted to take some publicity shots of Nureyev and Fonteyn, the tempestuous Tartar angrily planked himself down in a chair and growled: "I give you three minutes, photographer, and I start counting now." Would Nureyev stand next to Fonteyn? "No, one minute gone." Could he sort of lean toward her? "No, everyone leans toward Nureyev, two minutes gone..."

On balmy days he can be the very soul of wit and charm. During rehearsal breaks he will entertain Margot with a rubber-legged imitation of Charlie Chaplin. When a gushing teen-ager accosted him in a Soho pub recently and



GEORGE BALANCHINE ENCIRCLED BY BALLERINAS
"When you are tired of playing the prince, come to me."

announced that she had drawn his face so many times she could see it in her dreams, Rudi purred: "You should draw your own face, it's so much prettier." Some nights, at the slightest insistence, he will drag Margot Fonteyn out on the dance floor at a post-performance party and thrill the guests with a torrid twist. Then the next night he will meet the same request with a sneering remark: "I'm not your performing bear."

Little Habit. Friends who know him best endure his huffs with a weary smile, knowing that he will be back in the morning with gifts and apologies. To contain such moods, Nureyev finds that Scotch, "a little habit I picked up in the West," is helpful. Charging out of a party for the Royal Ballet in Toronto two years ago, he decided to walk the white line in the center of the street back to his hotel. To the accompaniment of honking cars, he tried a few pirouettes. When a policeman suddenly appeared, he finished off with a high kick aimed at the cop's head. He was handcuffed, dragged to the station, and later released without being charged.

He once ascribed his teeter-totter personality to his Tartar ancestry. Now he blames it all on Pisces. "I am Pisces," he says, showing the gold Pisces medal he has been wearing around his neck since he took up astrology. "Very sexy, in love with love, crazy, loyal and disloyal, good and bad, lost in pools and oceans of green water." And he is—a baffling maze of moods and manners. Now that he has shaken the shackles of the Kirov, he says he feels weak and alone. He sees conspiracies surrounding him. Of impresarios, he says: "You must remember that you are giving food to people who would gladly cut you up and eat you. It's you who always pays.

It's those others who eat and go to bed early."

He even suspects Fonteyn of dark plots. "Maybe," he grimly ponders, "it's that Margot has gained very much from this dancing with me, and me much, much less, until now I am sitting alone on the floor, tired and exhausted. Maybe it's that she has taken from me because she wishes to be the one to survive." Lest she forget, every year Nureyev reminds Margot that she has one less year to dance. Says Margot: "Rudolf is very mature artistically, although immature emotionally."

Wobbly Ways. That this noble couple is given to such human emotions would shock many of their fans. Indeed, though many of their followers like to think otherwise, the rumors that the flames of romance that Rudi and Margot kindle onstage also rage offstage are false. Margot is married to Dr. Roberto ("Tito") Arias, 46, former Panamanian Ambassador to Britain. Arias, who was shot by a political enemy in Panama last June, is paralyzed from the neck down, and Margot spends three hours on the train every day in order to visit him in the hospital in Buckinghamshire, where he is being treated.

Nureyev would surprise most of his friends if he ever married anybody. He is loath to get involved with anything that interferes with his dancing. "Women are silly, every one of them," he exclaims, "but stronger than sailors. They just want to drink you dry and leave you to die of weakness." Marriage? "Why?" he says. "To ruin my life? To ruin some girl's life?"

But for all his wobbly ways offstage, when it comes to his dancing, he is a man of steely dedication. He is a perfectionist, and has the arrogance of a perfectionist. Once, at a Kirov perform-



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ance in France of *Swan Lake*, he slipped and fell in his first variation as the prince. Most dancers would have sheepishly carried on. Not Rudi. He stopped the orchestra, stalked offstage, rubbed rosin on his shoes and started all over again. He attends class every day without fail, will spend hours working on a step that is merely a preparation. Unlike some male virtuosos, who are notoriously bad partners and seem to be waiting only for the moment when they can show off their own wares, Nureyev is acclaimed by every ballerina he has ever danced with as a totally sympathetic partner, showing off his ballerina in their *pas de deux* with dedicated deference. Moreover, he has exercised a strong and significant hand in enriching the Royal Ballet's repertory. His *La Bayadère* is the most recent Russian ballet of any substance to be adopted by a Western company. And he has made basic alterations in several other works, including *Giselle* and the *Nutcracker* adagio. If this is always aimed at enhancing the male role, a reasonable response is why not? Nearly all classical ballets are a pastiche of showpieces designed to display the talents of individual dancers. Nureyev can do more than most dancers, and he wants choreography that will allow him to prove it.

Still, all is not happy with the Royal Ballet. With all the brouhaha for Nureyev, some dancers feel ignored. Says one star dancer: "If Rudi doesn't push off eventually, I've got half a mind to take my candle out from under this bushel."

Funny Hair. Rudi is content right where he is. He likes London, partly because "nobody laughs at my hair." (They laughed at it in Stuttgart, especially when he turned up at rehearsals one day wearing curlers.) His favorite picture is a closeup of his head which looks like Simba the lion in repose. A restless creature, he roams the streets late at night looking like some shabby fugitive, in his black wrap-around leather coat and Dutch-boy cap. Three or four nights a week he drops in at a private, after-hours Soho club called the Ad Lib, where he twists along with such fellow members as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Nobody laughs at anybody's hair there.

Other nights he spends at the movies, laughing convulsively at the cartoons. His one abiding passion besides dancing is music. He has a collection of more than 4,000 records—Chopin, Bach, Callas arias, Scriabin, and every album Peggy Lee ever put out. He never travels anywhere without his portable phonograph. He plays the piano, can listen to almost any classical recording and tell who is conducting.

A creature of the night, he spends most afternoons lolling about his four-room furnished flat in London, playing records, sipping Scotch, chattering on the telephone, often with his good friend Erik Bruhn, who, he says, is "the only dancer who has anything to show



HIS FAVORITE PICTURE
Like Simba in repose.

me that I don't already know." He uses the phone like a postcard, calling dancer friends around the world, chitchatting in fluent, slightly accented English. When visitors arrive, he will emerge wearing high, tan moccasins, skin-tight, sky-blue pants and flowing fuchsia shirt. Scattered about the living room are effects that mark the mystery of the man—gilt-bound tomes of Balzac and Schiller next to a pile of toys that he amuses himself with: a soccer game, a Yo-Yo, a gun that shoots pingpong balls. And everywhere there are model train locomotives, which he collects in honor of his origin. He used his earnings of about \$2,800 per performance to buy an \$80,000 walled-in villa tucked away in the mountains above Monte Carlo, where he spends two or three months out of the year.

Hypnotic Moment. On the days of a performance, he falls into a semi-somnambulant state, eating little, seeing no one. "I am dying all the day," he says sadly. In the late afternoon he packs his gear and drives off to the theater in his beige Mercedes 320SL, arriving two hours before curtain time. Then, swaddled in layer upon layer of sweaters, sweat pants, leggings and scarfs, he goes onto the deserted stage. After a long series of careful and precise unlimbering exercises, he runs through every step of the evening's ballet in deep concentration, shedding clothing as he goes, until he reaches the point of exhaustion. Then he retires to his dingy dressing room and devotes a full hour to dressing and applying his makeup, painting his eyebrows heavy, black and fiercely catlike across his temples.

A few minutes before curtain time, he enters the wings and begins exercising again. Then, as the curtain ascends, his forehead glistening with sweat, his chest heaving, he steps out into a halo of white light. Turning slowly, deliberately, he fixes his enigmatic gaze on the audience for one hypnotic moment, then begins to dance. And, like the sound of the sea, there comes the great rushing gasp of an audience enchanted.



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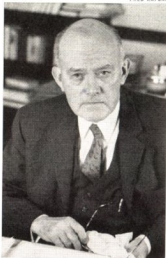
EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Harvard's Midas

Among proper-Bostonian Lowells and Lodges, the Cabots are known for "customs, not manners," and there is no more bohemian Brahmin than Harvard's stocky, cigar-smoking treasurer, Paul Codman Cabot, 66. Fiercely energetic, shatteringly frank, he can curse like a barge captain, yet guide a big investment like the skipper of a liner. Last week, two months before his mandatory retirement, he achieved a lifetime goal by pushing the market value of Harvard's investments past \$1 bil-

FRED KAPLAN



TREASURER CABOT

A Brahmin in a bull market.

lion. No other university comes close to such an endowment.

Cabot is equally proud and rueful. "These enormous figures could be very discouraging to the man of small or moderate means who gives only \$5 or \$10," he says. "But I believe that no college or university is much good if it doesn't have continuing enthusiasm and the willingness to sacrifice."

Daring & Prescient. During the Depression, most of Harvard's funds were prudently invested in bonds rather than common stocks; when Cabot became treasurer 16 years ago, Harvard was worth \$217 million. He talked the Harvard Corporation, of which he is an ex-officio member, into hiring an investment management firm to advise it. The corporation responded by choosing the State Street Research & Management Co., of which Cabot is a partner, but uprightly turned over the commission-rich buying and selling chores to some 100 independent brokers.

The most daring departure of the Cabot tenure was to place the university's nest egg in the bull-market incubator, presciently slashing Harvard's holdings in real estate, mortgages and

long-term bonds, while increasing the share of common-stock investments from 40% to 55%. Most other university endowment funds have since followed suit—and why not? Harvard's insurance company equities alone have trebled to a current worth of \$58 million, and its other interests include \$108 million in oil and gas, \$160 million in public utilities. Among star performers: \$10 million in Du Pont, \$12.5 million in General Motors and \$26 million in IBM. Surprisingly, there are also educational experts outside Harvard who are not overwhelmed by its wealth. John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York and a Stanford man, says that "in terms of the tasks to be accomplished today, Harvard is not as rich as it should be."

"King of the Junkies." For Cabot, the work on his alma mater's portfolio is a labor of love. A descendant of George Cabot (1752-1823), a Federalist leader and one of Massachusetts' first U.S. Senators, Paul Cabot naturally entered Harvard and received an M.B.A. from the business school, before he went into investing. Cabot collected so much scrap metal as salvage director of the War Production Board that his friend Douglas Dillon called him "the king of the junkies."

Cabot will be succeeded by State Street President George Bennett, a longtime friend. He expects to stay active in his private investment practice after retirement. A lifetime of dealing in big sums has scarcely affected Paul Cabot's personal indifference to material things. A group of his financier friends once took up a collection to replace the frayed shirts he wore to board meetings.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

New York's Take-Charge Man

The nation's biggest school system has a new chief who is the boss by virtue of having taken vigorous charge of the job. New York City, disappointed in two recent experiences with superintendents hired from outside the system, turned six weeks ago to one of its own, making Bernard Eugene Donovan, 54, acting superintendent. The schools thus got a stocky, ambitious Irishman who is not only a creature of the system but who loves it. "I've been in it for 35 years and I feel a certain affinity for it," he says. "I see great things that can be done with it."

Donovan succeeds Calvin Gross, who two years ago was lured to New York from Pittsburgh after earning a reputation for creative educational innovation there. But in New York, Gross never learned the knobs and levers of the system, and thus proved unable to

* No relation to School Board President James B. Donovan.

formulate or push ideas fast enough to satisfy the board. Now on three-month terminal leave, he still turns up daily at his office to mull over personal matters and help his lawyers fight for a hefty severance settlement.

"He Grows on Me." Since taking over, Donovan has been all action, going to Albany and Washington to plead for state and federal funds, plugging integration plans on television, meeting at least twice weekly with the board. He snaps out decisions. One system administrator says: "Donovan grows on me. I ask him a question and I get an answer. I may not like it, but I get it, and I'm not used to that."

Donovan's success is likely to turn in the end on the quality of his answers.

DAVID GARR



ACTING SUPERINTENDENT DONOVAN
A tenor for the system.

He does not have a reputation for creativity, but he is plugging a plan for decentralizing the system's administrative maze so that individual school administrators can get faster answers too. On the crucial problem of meshing integration and better schooling, he is committed to a plan that centers on creating four-year middle schools (fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades) that will draw students from broader areas, cross neighborhood racial lines. "We need a new approach to teaching where different backgrounds and races begin to intermingle," says Donovan.

"Smile." Donovan has a more outgoing personality to sell such ideas than had Gross. Hissed by the city's ever-outraged pressure groups, he has remained cool. He is a persuasive, fact-conscious speaker. His tenor delivery of *Galway Bay* at public dinners sets Irish eyes to smiling; his show tunes at bar mitzvahs please Jewish friends. A joiner, he is an American Legionnaire, an executive board member of the National Council of Catholic Men, and a member of Citizens for Decent Literature. A sign on his desk reads: SMILE—GOD LOVES YOU.

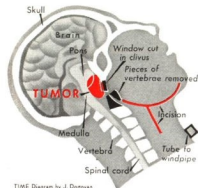
MEDICINE

SURGERY

Through the Neck & Into the Brain

The 20-year-old baker in the University of California hospital in San Francisco was dying of a tumor at the base of his brain. The swelling growth was pressing on the basilar artery, one of the brain's major blood suppliers, and eight of the main nerves in his skull were being compressed into uselessness. The patient's speech was garbled and

an operation on 33 cadavers. They found that while nerves, blood vessels and other soft structures were difficult enough to cut through, the worst obstacle was an important but little-known bone, the clivus, which balances on the very top of the spinal column to form a pivot for the skull. There was only one way to get past the clivus, and that was to cut a window in it. To make this possible, a whole trayful of special instruments had to be designed and built.



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

DIAGRAMED PLAN OF ATTACK & PATIENT AFTER TUMOR REMOVAL
A way past the skull's floor.



slurred, he regurgitated much of the little he could eat, he had double vision, part of the right side of his body was paralyzed, and he suffered from fits of uncontrollable, inappropriate laughter.

The tragedy was compounded by the fact that once X rays and arteriograms had confirmed their diagnosis, the doctors were stumped. Bold brain surgeons have been probing and cutting deeper and deeper inside the human skull, but the floor of the brain box, where the patient's tumor was growing, has remained virtually inviolate. Nerves, arteries and other vital parts of the anatomy are all crammed into that small central sanctuary behind the nose and mouth. There they rise through openings in the floor of the skull and reach toward the brain above (see diagram). So complex is the collection of vital mechanisms, it has defied generations of neurosurgeons, and the young man seemed doomed.

Window in a Pivot. Then his case came to the attention of the neurosurgery department at the University of California Medical Center. There, like so many neurosurgeons before him, Dr. George C. Stevenson had been challenged by that seemingly impenetrable floor of the skull. While studying blood flow in the brains of monkeys, he had learned how to slice through the anatomical maze at the brain's base with the aid of a binocular surgical microscope, and he had practiced putting tourniquets on the basilar artery.

He and his neurosurgical associates at the university had tried parts of such

Those instruments were ready when the young baker was admitted to the U.C. hospital.

Atlas of Anatomy. The surgeons needed free access to the patient's neck region, so they cut a hole into his windpipe and inserted a tube through which he got all later anesthesia. They clamped his jaws tightly shut and fastened his head in a frame to hold it at an unnatural angle—at first, 15° backward and 20° to the left. They made a long incision from below his ear around past the windpipe. At last, U.C.'s Dr. Roland K. Perkins and Dr. Ronald J. Stoney could start moving closer to the target.

It was three hours before they got there because of all those vital parts in the way. The list of items that had to be delicately dissected and pulled aside reads like an atlas of anatomy. The surgeons had to fracture the top vertebra with a Hall air-driven drill, and then the seclusive clivus was exposed at last. They attacked this with an air drill, and cut a 1-in. by 2-in. window in the bone's sloping forward face. This exposed the tumor.

Some of it was soft enough to be removed by suction, but parts of it had to be cut away. As more and more was removed, the surgeons could see the basilar artery straightening out. They could realize the release of crippling pressure on the patient's nerves. The window in the clivus was sealed with a piece of the patient's own muscle, and the tedious job of putting his delicate structures back in place began. The whole operation took eleven hours.

Back to Work. For a week the patient was immobilized with sand bags to promote healing. By then the nerves and muscles on his right side were already improving, and within a month he had full use of his right arm. Last week he was back at work.

His had been a relatively rare cancer, but the operation is expected to be equally effective for more common tumors. Even some noncancerous conditions, including strokes caused by the bursting of a brain artery on the floor of the skull, now seem susceptible to surgical therapy. Even as Dr. Stevenson was reporting this week to the Harvey Cushing Neurosurgical Society in Manhattan, surgical teams from two other medical centers described their own successes with similar operations.

Clues from the Placenta

Short of working with identical twins, surgeons have yet to discover any sure system for preventing the human body from rejecting transplanted organs. Yet nature turns a similar trick with ease—more than 100 million times a year. Every time a woman reaches the third month of pregnancy, Dr. James H. Nelson Jr. of New York's Downstate Medical Center told the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, she is tolerating tissue that is not entirely her own.

The placenta, the spongelike pad of tissue on the wall of the womb to which the three-month fetus is attached by the umbilical cord, explained Dr. Nelson, "is, in essence, a homograft." This is because the placenta is derived partly from the embryo and therefore partly from the father. Yet the mother does not reject it through her immune mechanisms, as she would any tissue of comparable size received as a transplant. Why not?

The fact that women are somewhat more tolerant of skin grafts during



DR. STEVENSON & RECOVERED PATIENT
Crippling pressure released.

pregnancy than at any other time gave Dr. Nelson and his associate, Dr. J. Edward Hall, a clue. Pregnancy, the doctors reasoned, must depress at least some of the body's elaborate immune mechanisms. From women who had to undergo surgery in mid or late pregnancy, they removed snippets of lymph-node tissue. A pathologist who studied these tissues under the microscope noted that the specimens contained very few cells of the type that triggers the immune reaction. Studies on women after childbirth showed that it takes at least four weeks after delivery for these cells to reappear in normal numbers.

The pregnant woman, the doctors concluded, is in a "hypoimmune state." The likeliest explanation is that she is secreting unusually large amounts of the gonadotropin group of sex hormones. If it can be proved that this is indeed the reason, then nature will have supplied, in the gonadotropins, a natural and essentially harmless substance for cutting down the severity of the rejection mechanism. And surgeons may have a practical medicine for making transplantation easier.

GYNECOLOGY

The Springs of Youth

The "hot flashes" and occasional depressions that bothered middle-aged women a decade ago are becoming symptoms of the past. Modern woman seems to be escaping most of the rigors of the menopause—that time of life (usually around 50) when fluctuations in the hormonal output of her glands may lead to both physical and psychological discomfort. One of the explanations is hormone therapy. So successful has it been that doctors have carried on a decade-long debate: Why not give all women some hormone treatment, even after menopause, to mitigate the insidious effects of later aging?

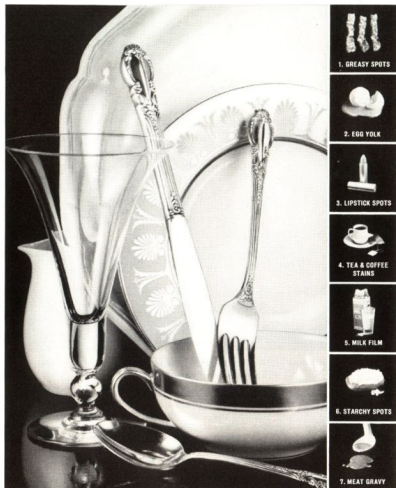
At the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists meeting in San Francisco last week, the argument seemed close to resolution. Many doctors now agree that all women should indeed get regular doses of an estrogenic hormone from menopause on.

Some women, to be sure, sail through menopause experiencing no more than changes in menstrual flow. But as post-menopausal aging continues, skin begins to lose its tone, bosoms their lift and bones their hardness. Fatty deposits may pile up in the arteries and leave a woman vulnerable to heart attacks. Regular doses of estrogens, says the University of Chicago's Dr. M. Edward Davis, can delay the onset of such changes and diminish their impact. There is even a test—an adaptation of the familiar "Pap smear" for detecting uterine cancer—that indicates how much medication a woman might need. "Estrogens are not the fountain of youth," added Brooklyn's Dr. Henry S. Acken Jr., "but they may be the springs that feed the fountain."

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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

The Whisperer

"And suddenly, after 40 years, it all adds up," began the ad for the *Herald Tribune Sunday* magazine last week. "Whispering, inconspicuous—formal, efficient—but precisely the perfect qualifications for a museum custodian, an undertaker, a mortuary scientist. Thirteen years ago, upon the death of Harold Ross, precisely that difficult task befell William Shawn: to be the museum curator, the mummifier, the preserver-in-amber, the smiling embalmer—for Harold Ross's *New Yorker* magazine."

Breaking the Rules. If some readers had a hard time following the meaning of this convoluted prose, one reader

with the *Graphic*, the *Enquirer*, and *Confidential*.

All this enterprise was lavished on the kind of iconoclastic article that readers have come to expect from the Trib's lively Sunday magazine and one of its liveliest writers, Tom Wolfe, 34. Breaking all the rules of clean, lean journalism, Wolfe writes in a buoyant, over-stuffed, baroque style filled with grunts and guffaws; participles and expletives that fly in all directions; metaphors that are launched, mixed and sometimes hopelessly scrambled.

Horsehair Stuffing. Wolfe obviously felt at home with *The New Yorker*. His article reveals few inside secrets,* but with customary hyperbole he captures some of the magazine's musty-



THE TRIB'S TOM WOLFE



THE NEW YORKER'S SHAWN (1952)

The custodian phoned Jock.

grasped it immediately. The man described in the ad as the "embalmer" came suddenly to life and grabbed the phone. It was midnight, but *New Yorker* Editor William Shawn put in a call to Jock Whitney, publisher of the *Herald Tribune*, and said he was worried about the upcoming story.

Next day Shawn called Whitney again, asking him not to print the story. He also placed a total of four calls to Trib Editor James Bellows and rang up other editors, hinting of a libel suit or an injunction. Then he tried to phone Whitney again. Instead, Shawn got Whitney's wife Betsey, whom he lectured about the Trib's irresponsible journalism.

Finally, he dashed off a letter to Whitney, charging that the article was false and libelous. "I urge you to stop its distribution," wrote Shawn. "I know exactly what Wolfe's article is—a vicious, murderous attack on me and the magazine I work for. It is a ruthless and reckless article; it is pure sensation-mongering. . . . In one stroke it puts the *Herald Tribune* right down in the gutter

fusty atmosphere: the multicolored memo paper serving a variety of subtle editorial purposes; the ritual cocktails at the Algonquin Hotel, to which no newly hired staffer dare come until he is formally—but oh so casually—invited; the religious regard for the offices of deceased or departed writers, in which all the original bric-a-brac is kept reverentially in place.

Wolfe describes the area around Shawn's own offices as a *Whisper Zone*: "a kind of horsehair-stuffing atmosphere of old carpeting, framed *New Yorker* covers, quiet cubicles and happy-shabby, baked-apple gentility." Within 40 feet of Shawn's office, says Wolfe, everyone whispers in imitation of their sibilant boss. "He always seems to have on about 20 layers of clothes, about three button-up sweaters, four vests, a cou-

* Although it does recall the little-known fact that as a youngster in the Chicago of the '20s, Shawn was considered as a potential kidnapping victim by Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, only to be discarded in favor of Bobby Franks, whom they then murdered.

ple of shirts, two ties, it looks that way, a dark shapeless suit over the whole ensemble, and white cotton socks."

It is all very funny, but basically Shawn is charged with nothing more serious than being too quiet and unassuming. The Wolfe piece is the latest volley in a mock-serious shooting match between the Trib's Sunday magazine and *The New Yorker*. For months, they have taken turns parodying each other. (A nettled Trib man responded much more violently than Shawn: "Tell Shawn I'll bite his nose off.") Now the Trib has learned that the editor it has accused of whispering can raise his voice to a holler after all and the bemused Trib editors admit they have not had such a loud gripe in many a year.

NEWSPAPERS

Settlement in New York

For a few tense days last week, it seemed that New York was fated to suffer a repetition of the 1962-63 strike that shut down the city's papers for 114 days and hastened the *New York Mirror* to its death. Contract negotiations that had run on since October began to run down. Even though the Newspaper Guild and four other unions had tentatively agreed to accept management's top offer of a \$10.50 raise spread over two years, Bert Powers, flinty head of Local 6 of the International Typographical Union, wanted more. And the adamant boss of the "Big Six" was well remembered as the architect of the last strike.

Bargain & Collect. Powers had a reputation to maintain as the newspaper-union boss who could do the most for his men. He called "chapel" meetings of his printers in the composing rooms of the *Daily News* and the *Journal-American* at hours neatly chosen to interfere with two editions of both papers. Powers was apparently hoping that the publishers would retaliate by locking the printers out—a move that would save him from the onus of calling a strike. But there was no lockout; the next move was up to Big Six. Then the publishers conceded. They offered Powers a \$12-a-week increase over a two-year period, plus all of the salary savings from the use of tape for the setting of stock quotations.

For John J. Gaherin, the seasoned professional who had been hired to handle the publishers' negotiations (*TIME*, Feb. 26), it was a disappointing decision. It was Gaherin who had been empowered to tell the Guild and the others that the papers simply could not afford more than \$10.50. It also was Gaherin who had been spokesman for the publishers' promise that the printers would not get a penny more. And now Gaherin had to pass the word that the Publishers Association had backed down, that it had broken its promise and that Powers had won. "It was collective bargaining," said Gaherin wryly. "We bargained and they collected."



How to nudge people

If you'd like to find a way to get the nonthinkers to think or the unbelievers to believe or the indecisive to decide, try making a movie.

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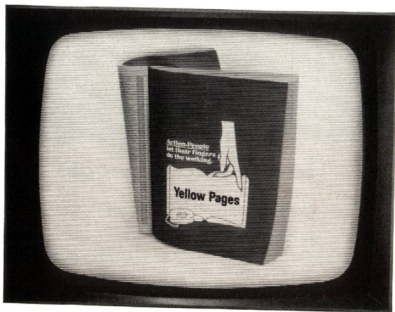
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walking.

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As soon as the other unions heard of Powers' coup, they cried foul. They had been made to look like weaklings beside the Big Six, and now they too wanted every bit as much as the printers. By week's end, they got it.

Under the Rug. Although the use of tape, covered by the new contract, will save the papers almost as much in overtime pay and fringe benefits as they will have to turn over to the typesetters, the issue of automation is far from solved. Computerized operations will soon be a bigger part of publishing, and Big Six is determined to have its say in how the savings are passed along. By his victory last week, intransigent Bert Powers has solidified his position as the Big Six spokesman.

"The automation question is a challenge that both unions and management must meet," said Labor Lawyer Ted Kheel, who had been sent by Mayor Robert Wagner to help arrange the latest truce. "The issue has not been swept under the rug with this settlement. And if there isn't success with this question soon, both sides will be losers."

Just how much the publishers had lost this time, it was still too early to tell. But when Gaherin was reminded that all through the negotiations he had insisted that anything more than a \$10.50 increase would put the weaker papers out of business, he had only one rejoinder: "I'm sure you've bought things you couldn't afford and found some way to pay for them."

REPORTING

A Lesson in the Law

In the U.S. Supreme Court last week, a venerable tradition was unexpectedly discarded. As of April 26, announced Chief Justice Earl Warren, the court will no longer hand down all its decisions on Mondays; they will be released when ready—on any day of the week the court is sitting. The court offered no explanation for its action. But to veteran observers it seemed clear that the press was being given a break.

So many complex decisions have come on Mondays that reporters have occasionally been less than accurate. A notorious example was the 1962 school-prayer decision, when much of the press declared that God had been banished from the classroom and the Supreme Court was heaped with abuse it did not deserve. Now that decisions will be strung out during the week, reporters should have ample time to study and assess them more accurately.

Their job has already been made easier for them in another way. Since last November, law professors have been preparing summaries of significant cases before the Supreme Court, with the hope of eventually producing 100 per cent court term. Boiled down to four or five pages of plain English from briefs running sometimes to 400 pages of legalese, the summaries have come as a welcome relief to hard-pressed court reporters.

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SCIENCE

ELECTRONICS

Early Bird Aloft

The three-stage Douglas Delta rocket that rose above Cape Kennedy last week tossed its 85-lb. payload into a high elliptical orbit with neat precision. Early Bird, first satellite to be sent aloft by Comsat (Communications Satellite Corp.), climbed as high as 22,300 miles above the earth, then curved down as low as 776 miles. When this original orbit had been analyzed and Early Bird was at an apogee, a signal from the earth fired a small rocket motor to give just enough extra speed to put the satellite into a circular orbit that matched the earth's 24-hour period of rotation. In effect, the intricate electronic package put together by Hughes Aircraft picked a spot high above the equator between Brazil and Africa, and there it hovered, ready to begin its job of pointing the way toward a worldwide communications network.

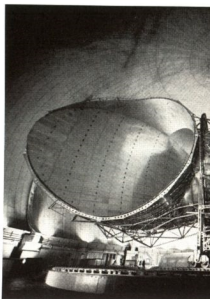
Early Bird gets its electric power from 6,000 solar cells; its orbit is so far from the earth that the earth's shadow seldom forces it to depend on storage batteries. Its electronic equipment will pick up radio-telephone and TV signals from earth, amplify them and transmit them back to earth far beyond their normal range.

Even before Early Bird reached its final station, it went to work. American Telephone & Telegraph's great horn antenna at Andover, Me., which is now leased by Comsat, sent a television test pattern up to the satellite. Back the pattern came to Andover, its quality so good that Siegfried H. Reiger, Comsat's technical vice president, proudly told a press conference: "The television capability of the Early Bird satellite is established."

The Price of Altitude. The great advantage of a satellite on a synchronous orbit like the Early Bird's is its fixed position relative to points on the earth's surface. Ground stations that want to use it as a relay always know where to find it, and a single satellite has enough range to carry TV or telephone conversations among all the countries on both sides of the Atlantic. Three synchronous satellites will cover the entire earth, with the exception of small areas near each of the poles.

But a synchronous satellite has disadvantages too. Its great altitude exacts a high price in launching effort, and its signals are weakened significantly by the distance they must travel. The radio waves traveling up and back at the speed of light take about .24 sec. to make the round trip. This would have no effect on TV programs, which move in only one direction at a time, but telephone talkers may be bothered by the extra half-second delay between question and answer.

Comsat plans to station two more



COMSAT ANTENNA AT ANDOVER
240 phone calls [$\frac{1}{2}$ sec.] by June.

Early Birds over the Pacific and Indian oceans to cover the earth, but it is not about to count on synchronous satellites alone. It is also working on communications packages that will circle on lower orbits. They will have to be much more numerous, and ground stations will need a complicated system to keep track of their ever-changing positions, but there is a good chance that they may well prove more practical.

Blizzards from the Sun. Either way, there are problems ahead, especially during periods of sunspot activity, when the earth is frequently bombarded by blizzards of high-energy particles from the sun. But for the present, Comsat is riding high on top of the communications world. Early Bird is built to handle TV programs or 240 simultaneous telephone conversations. The five telephone cables that now cross the Atlantic can handle only 412. If all goes well with Early Bird, the satellite will start shuttling TV broadcasts between the U.S. and Europe on May 2, and commercial telephone service, with its built-in hesitations, will start in June. The "talking explosion" that has long been predicted by communications experts seems to have arrived at last.

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Reactor in Orbit

When space talk turns to far-out exploration, to manned voyages far beyond the moon or Mars, most plans call for a nuclear reactor capable of providing abundant power without paying too much of a penalty for weight, and an ion engine capable of turning that power into thrust for months or years without paying too high a price in fuel consumption. Last week the first of such combinations, featuring SNAP-

10A,* the world's first spaceworthy reactor, went into operation as it orbited the earth.

Bomb Fuel. The very conception of a nuclear reactor that can work by itself in space required new and imaginative technology. And scientists at California's Atomic Energy International, who built SNAP-10A for the Atomic Energy Commission, produced a machine like nothing now working on earth. Its fuel is 4.75 kilograms (10.5 lbs.) of uranium 235, the nuclear explosive used in the first atomic bomb. Packed into 37 tubes of heat-resistant nickel alloy, the fuel is mixed with zirconium hydride, which acts as a moderator, slowing down the high-energy neutrons released by fissioning atoms of U 235. The heat of the reactor is carried away by a sodium-potassium alloy (NaK) that turns to liquid at 48°F. A beryllium reflector 2½ in. thick bounces escaping neutrons back into the uranium and keeps the reactor operating. When four openings in the reflector are uncovered, neutrons leak away, slowing or stopping the nuclear reaction.

This weird and dangerous gadget, weighing 250 lbs., was gingerly set on the nose of an Air Force Atlas-Agena rocket at Vandenberg Air Force Base, Calif. The reflector ports were open to keep the nuclear action from starting, and a conical windscreen covered the reactor to protect it from buffeting as it climbed swiftly through dense, low-altitude air.

When the rocket cleared the atmosphere, the windscreen was jettisoned; the reactor and its conical support section went into orbit 800 miles above the earth. As soon as SNAP's scientists were convinced that the proper orbit had been attained, they sent a signal that told the reflector mechanism to reduce neutron leakage. Slowly the nuclear reaction started; heat built up in the core, and a magnetic pump circulated the metallic coolant at 1020°F.

* From Systems for Nuclear Auxiliary Power.

through tubes in the skin of the support structure. The inner ends of 2880 pellets of a germanium-silicon material were heated while their outer ends were kept comparatively cool by heat radiation into space. The germanium-silicon combination is "thermoelectric," it changes heat to electricity, and the difference between the two temperatures caused a faint current to flow. That current added up to about 650 watts—hardly enough to run a household toaster—but it was the first fission energy to be generated in space. Hitched to a more efficient converter, said the AEC, the same reactor could generate "some tens of kilowatts."

Ion Push. Part of SNAP's power went into the operation of "housekeeping" parts, including instruments, coolant pump and radio apparatus. The rest of the electricity charged a storage battery. When the scientists were satisfied that the nuclear generator was working well, they sent a signal that shot current from the battery into a 2.2-lb. ion engine made by Electro-Optical Systems, Inc. of Pasadena. The current turned metallic cesium to a tiny trickle of vapor that passed through a plug of hot, porous tungsten and emerged as a stream of positively charged ions. A negatively charged copper plate attracted the ions, which shot through holes in the plate and squirted into space at 176,000 m.p.h. Their swift departure produced thrust, exactly like hot gases shooting out of a rocket. To be sure, that thrust was only .002 lb. (an aspirin tablet weighs about .001 lb.) but so little cesium was used that the 3.5 oz. in the engine would last 300 hrs.

The light push of the tiny ion engine was not expected to have a measurable effect on the trajectory of the hefty reactor assembly. But when bigger ion engines are built and hitched to bigger generators, their gentle, continuous thrust, acting for hundreds, or thousands of hours, may push a spacecraft up to speeds that will carry it clear of the solar system itself.

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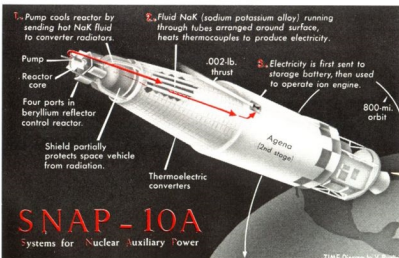
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RELIGION

FAITHS

The Moslem World's Struggle to Modernize

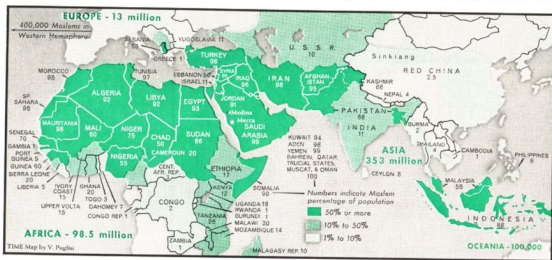
April 1965 coincides roughly with *Dhu-al-Hijja* in the year 1384 A.H. (after the hegira). It is the last month of Islam's lunar calendar, and the season to perform the hajj, the pilgrimage to the holy places of Mecca and the season for devout Moslems is both spiritual duty and lifetime dream. More than 1,200,000 pilgrims entered Mecca to carry out the prayers and ablutions of Islam's most sacred ritual (see following color pictures of last year's hajj). Luckily, this year there were no outbreaks

into queues to get the necessary documentation. In Jordan, airline space to Jeddah was at such a premium that one group of rich pilgrims flew to London, caught a BOAC flight to Dhahran near the Persian Gulf, then chartered a bus to cross 780 miles of desert.

Some, of course, came to prey as well as pray. Sixty Nigerian Moslems were arrested for smuggling kola nuts, an illegal stimulant, into Saudi Arabia; police thoughtfully escorted the offenders through the hajj ritual, then brought them back to Jeddah for prosecution.

The number and variety of pilgrims on this year's hajj were living proof of the fervor that burns within the young-

Another factor is its reputation for egalitarianism and tolerance. While Christianity in Africa suffers the stigma of being the white man's religion, Islam can boast that it has neither caste nor color bar; to the valid charge that it was Arab traders who sold the black man into slavery, there is the valid answer that it was white Christians who bought him. Islam, moreover, is monolithic: the differences between its principal sects—Sunnite and Shiite—are far less than those between Paul Tillich and a Pentecostal preacher, and acrimony stops at the prayer rug. On Friday, Islam's sabbath, Moslems of all sects gather in the same mosque, just as Indonesians and Malaysians set aside political quarrels to kneel side by side on the hajj. Above all, Islam, which is Arabic for



THE LANDS OF MOHAMMED

Neither hierarchy nor organization; neither caste nor color bar.

of typhoid or cholera like those that have sometimes turned the hajj into a pilgrimage of death rather than spiritual rebirth.

The pilgrims came from all over the world. The King and Queen of Malaysia chartered a plane for the hajj; from the U.S. came the widow of Malcolm X. Also on hand was a group of Senegalese who in January began a 3,400-mile walk across the African desert to the Red Sea. At Jeddah on the Red Sea, gateway to Mecca and starting point for the pilgrimage, hajj flights landed every ten minutes round the clock at an airport that normally sees only a dozen commercial flights a day. In and near Jeddah's harbor, more than 100 pilgrim-bearing steamers anchored among hundreds of bobbing, high-popped dhows.

Hajj Before Trial. Not all who wanted to make the hajj this year could do so. Egypt's President Nasser, who made the pilgrimage himself in 1955, allowed only 17,000 hajj passports for his people; there were fist fights in Cairo as devout Moslems elbowed their way

est of the world's universal faiths, second in size only to Christianity. According to Islam's mission-minded Ahmadiyya movement, there are 647 million Moslems around the world; less partial statisticians lower the figure to a still impressive 465 million. Today, 35 countries in Africa and Asia have Moslem majorities. In much of West Africa, Islam now gains converts at a 9-to-1 ratio over Christianity.

A Way of Life. What explains the prosperity of Islam? One reason, certainly, is its simplicity. Islam has neither hierarchy nor organization: its creed is a simple affirmation that there is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Undemanding in doctrine, Islam calls upon its adherents, if they wish to be rewarded at the Last Judgment, to praise God five times a day while kneeling toward Mecca, fast during the holy month of Ramadan, abstain from alcohol and pork, give alms, and, if possible, make the hajj. Man's sexual nature is amply served by Islam, which permits four wives—providing they are treated equally—and unlimited concubines.

submission, is something more than a religion. Culture and ideology as well as faith, it is a way of life in which human activities should conform to the divine will of God, as made known to the world by a remarkable man and a remarkable book.

Fight from Polytheism. God's chief prophet was born about A.D. 570, the illiterate orphaned son of a Meccan merchant. Mohammed grew up to be a desert trader and thereby earned a tidy fortune. In his 40th year, according to Islamic tradition, he had a vision of the Angel Gabriel, who told him that there was only one God. In polytheistic Mecca, which earned a substantial income from pilgrims who came to worship at the shrines of some 360 deities, Mohammed's monotheism was an unwelcome message, and in 622 he was forced to make his hegira, or flight, to Medina. There he expanded his doctrine of God into a code of law, through a number of revelations that were compiled after his death as the Koran (meaning discourse).

To devout Moslems, the Koran is the

The Hajj: Islam's Sacred Journey



PILGRIMAGE to holy places is an obligation for Moslems. To fulfill it, more and more faithful arrive yearly in Saudi Arabia by ship, overland and by airplane (above).

OVERFLOWING BUSES carry pilgrims to the holy sites. Those making the hajji must wear simple, seamless white robe, leave the right arm bare and avoid licentiousness.





BENDING TOWARD THE KAABA. 300,000 pilgrims pray at the temple marking the center of Islam, within the newly enlarged courtyard of Mecca's Great Mosque. The shrine



stands where Adam worshiped after leaving Paradise. Two-story building in background covers path trod by Abraham's abandoned concubine Hagar, seeking water for her son.



CLIMAX OF THE HAJJ comes at Arafat. On hill at right Mohammed proclaimed the Moslem religion complete in the final year of his hegira

(flight); last year, on the ninth day of pilgrimage, over a million pilgrims stood facing the mountain to pray. Afterwards, tent city was removed.



PRAYERS, read aloud and chanted along the route, are an essential part of the sacred jour-

ney. Group above, on their way from Medina to Mecca, are at the burial site of Moslem martyrs.



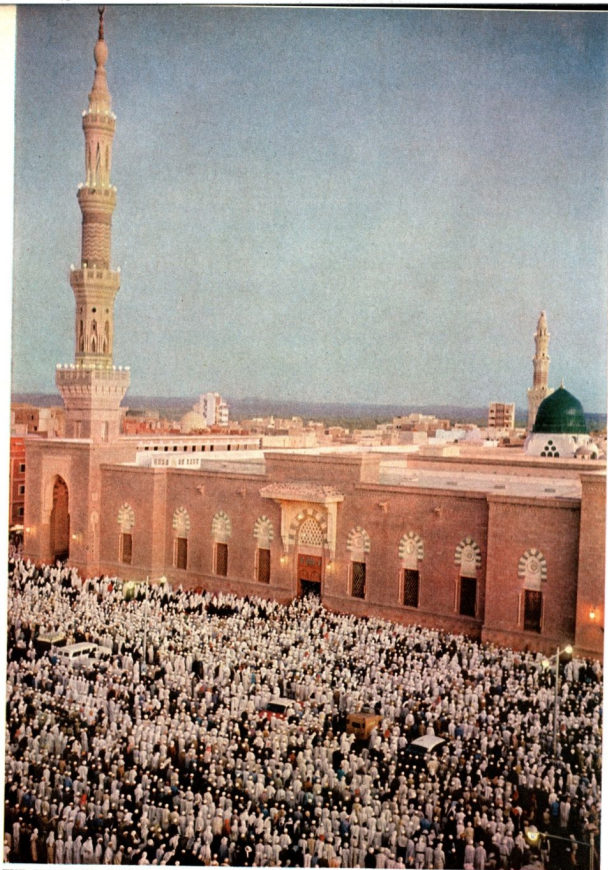


STONING pillar, first of three at Mena representing Satan, is ritual marking the final stage of the hajj.



SACRIFICE at Mena signals completion of the hajj. Sheep, which Bedouins

sell for around \$16 apiece, are butchered, then given to poor or left to rot.



THE PROPHETS MOSQUE AT MEDINA, 235 miles north of Mecca, is newly rebuilt and ranks as Islam's second holiest place. City is revered as place where Mo-

hammed found refuge after his flight from Mecca. He fought his greatest battles in the surrounding countryside, died of a fever in Medina and is buried at the mosque.

infallible, unchangeable word of God. To nonbelievers, it is one of the world's most puzzling sacred books, a disorganized collection of poetic desert wisdom and spiritual law interspersed with odd gleanings from the Old and New Testaments. Islam believes that Mohammed was the last in a line of prophets that extends from Abraham through Jesus. His revelations from God thus superseded those of Judaism and Christianity. Like the Jews, Mohammed shunned pork as unclean flesh, and he paraphrased many stories from the Hebrew Bible—Noah and the Ark, Joseph and his brothers—in the Koran. Although the idea of Christ as God's son was blasphemous to Mohammed, he accepted Jesus' virgin birth and ascension to heaven as divine truths.

By the time of his death in 632, Mohammed's Islam was well established as the faith of Arabia. Within a century its sway extended from Spain to India. Medieval Islam was one of history's great civilizations, something grander by far than what is implied in the fairy-tale world of *The Arabian Nights*. In the first half of the 10th century, wrote the late Harvard Science Historian George Sarton, "the main task of mankind was accomplished by Moslems. The greatest philosopher, Al Farabi, was a Moslem. The greatest mathematicians, Abu Kamil and Ibrahim ibn Sinan, were Moslems. The greatest geographer and encyclopedist, Al Masudi, was a Moslem." From Islamic civilization came the rediscovery of Aristotle, the first scientific astronomy and medicine since the Greeks, the sinuous architecture of Spain's Alhambra and India's Taj Mahal.

Sick Man of Europe. The torch of Islamic empire-building passed in time from Arab to Seljuk to Mongol to Ottoman Turk. All the while, Islam was intellectually withdrawing from engagement with alien thought, under the influence of the mystical Sufis, and the orthodox *ulama* (scholars) who saw all wisdom in the Koran and Moslem tradition. By the 19th century, Islam was enfeebled in body as well as spirit; lands once ruled by Saladin and Sulaiman the Magnificent became European protectorates; Turkey, resident of the impotent caliphs, was the "sick man of Europe."

But even in the midst of decay the seeds of rebirth took root. As early as 1744 the fierce Wahhabi movement began preaching the need for a strict return to Islamic practice, and its doctrine slowly spread through the lands of the faith. Sharply countering Moslem fatalism, the 19th century philosopher Al Afghani preached *ijtihad* (self-exertion), urging Islam to adapt to the currents of change in the modern world. India's Ahmadiyya movement helped revive Islam's long-dormant lust for converts. Twentieth century nationalism gradually brought independence, and a new spirit of confidence, to Islamic countries of Africa and Asia.

Inner Weakness. But many orientalists see a basic ambivalence in Islam's position, and feel that outward expansion is matched by inner weakness. One such weakness is that Moslem devotion, outside of rural areas where social pressure to conform runs strong, is often little more than skin-deep. Morocco still fines men caught smoking during Ramadan, and Malaya's Moslem courts zealously crack down on *khalwat* (close association of the sexes). Saudi Arabia has neither alcohol nor movies, but even here faith is succumbing to the influences of modernism: this year Jeddah will have a TV station.

Elsewhere in Islam, some pillars of the faith are crumbling. In Algeria and Tunisia, few town dwellers bother to stop work or play for the five-time ritual of daily prayer. In the cities of Westernized Syria and Lebanon, a majority of Moslems drink, and the percentage of those who fast through Ramadan is on the decline. In much of Africa, as British Orientalist J. Spencer Trimingham points out, "Islam and the pagan underlayer have blended"—leading to a mixture of Allah-worship and animism that would scandalize the learned sheiks of Cairo.

Indifference to many of Islam's traditional practices and customs seems prevalent among college-educated Moslems of Africa and the Middle East, for whom heaven is more likely to be a well-paying job with an oil company than a houri-filled paradise. For hundreds of years Moslem women have had to endure the restrictions of purdah—seclusion and heavy veiling. The liberated young ladies of Lebanon, long freed from purdah, now wear bikinis on the beaches of Beirut, dance the watusi at *discothèques*, and even marry Christians. "The young intelligentsia are fighting to modernize," says Dr. Régis Blachère of Paris' Institute of Islamic Studies. "They would like Islam to be an ethic without the limitations of practices in contradiction to modern life."

Physics at Al Azhar. Within Islam there is a definite modernizing mood. Although the faith has traditionally opposed birth control almost as fiercely as Roman Catholicism, many *ulama* now justify it on the ground that the Koran allows leniency in the case of suffering. Far from being a static, otherworldly faith, say contemporary Arab philosophers, Islam encourages man to knowledge of the universe through science. But progress is slow. A rigidly fundamentalist approach to doctrine and discipline dominates Islam outside the cities. Moreover, it was only last year that physics, medicine and engineering courses were introduced at Islam's best-known university, Al Azhar in Cairo. In West Africa, Moslem grammar schools do little more than teach children enough Arabic to read the Koran; when one group of Moslem women in Nigeria last year set up a Western-style secondary school, they had to hire as teachers two Christians and a Jew.

The strength of Islam in many cases depends upon imponderable factors of history that are subject to profound change. For black Africa, one of Islam's chief lures is its tolerance of polygamy—a practice sure to wither away with the tribal structure that made it necessary, as it has in much of the Middle East. In the Arab world, the faith that created empires is subsidized by Presidents and dictators partly because it can provide spiritual justification for political ambitions. Egypt, for example, funnels vast sums of money into the propaganda outlets of the Supreme Islamic Council, which praises Nasser almost as much as God. But favors given could be favors withheld when they no longer fulfill a national purpose. Islamic nation-states increas-

HARRY KOUNDAKIAN



UNVEILED MOSLEM GIRLS IN BEIRUT
Blending with the pagan underlayer.

ingly take their ideas and institutions—such as penal codes and constitutions—from the secular experience of the East and West, rather than the *Shariah* (religious law).

One French orientalist cynically concludes that "Islam, as a faith and a law, can no longer exist in modern civilization." Yet the continuing lure of the hajj for all Moslems, from fellah to philosopher, makes it clear that the spirit of Mohammed's faith is not so easily stilled. Far more likely than slow extinction is that Islam will gradually undergo the same kind of transition that Christianity went through, as the concept of Christendom fell before secularization. In time, Islam may lose its overtones of an ideology governing all of life—as Christianity did in the Middle Ages—to become, stripped down and freshened, simply one of man's many ways of encountering the mystery of God.

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HOLLYWOOD

The Night the Stars Came Out

The stagehand told Bob Hope he had a minute and a half before it all started. "Thank you," replied Hope calmly. "Shall I pull my pants up or just go on?" A minute and a half later, pants pulled up, the comedian-master of ceremonies walked onto the stage at Santa Monica's Civic Auditorium and, for the eleventh time in 13 years, did his valiant, 2½-hour best to pull up that most intractable of TV shows, the an-

nual "Oscar" awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

really happened?" she gasped. "It has," he assured her.

The big news, of course, was *Mary Fair Lady*. As predicted, M.F.L. proved the multilateral force of the evening, collected nine Oscars, including best picture and best direction. But what really made the race interesting was Producer Jack Warner's changed love, or how he decided to stop worrying and take no chances on a bomb. There was radiant Julie Andrews, most foully (so they said) done out of the part she had created on Broadway, now present as



ANDREWS & POITIER

"Deep love to—eh—well, two fair ladies."



HARRISON & HEPBURN

March on the Embassy. Rex's turn came first. He took the stage stairs two at a time, happily embraced his film co-star no fewer than five times, and then hit the evening's high note of graciousness: "Deep love to—eh—well, two fair ladies, I think." Next came the best-actress category, and Julie Andrews was onstage, taking her Oscar from 1964 Best Actor Sidney Poitier and beaming. "I know you Americans are famous for your hospitality," she glowed, "but this is ridiculous."

"Tonight Hollywood is handing out foreign aid," Hope cracked. And so it seemed. For the first time in Academy Award history, every acting award had been copied by a foreigner: three Britons and France's Kedrova. Concluded Hope as he rang down the curtain: "After this, the winners will celebrate at a dinner at the Beverly Hilton. The losers will join hands and march on the British embassy."

M.F.L. as M.L.F. "When your name is read," nominees had been instructed before show time, "please recover from the ecstatic shock as quickly as you can and push your way immediately through the crowd of all your sudden friends." And everyone tried. Lila Kedrova, 45, a surprising winner as best-supporting actress for her near-flawless portrayal of a desperate and dying courtesan in *Zorba the Greek*, started forward and then stumbled into a Zorba-like bear hug from Star Anthony Quinn. "Has it



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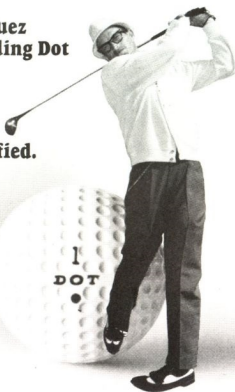
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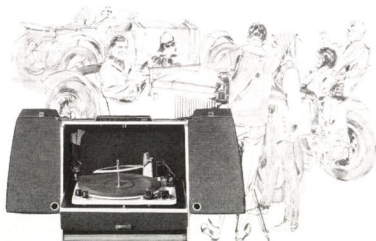
At central casting, Edward Anhalt, 51, would be a natural for the chain-gang fugitive—head shaved, clothes unpressed, face haggard. And indeed he lives the life of a man pursued—by nearly every studio and producer in Hollywood. If they catch him, it will cost them a minimum of \$5,000 a week, for Anhalt is one of the highest-paid scriptwriters in the business (1965 estimated income: \$225,000) and, as the burst of applause that greeted his Oscar award for *Becket* last week proved, in the judgment of his fellow craftsmen one of the best.

To even think of improving Jean Anouilh's *Becket*, whose Broadway production starred Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn, strikes theatrical circles as outrageous *hubris*, but it failed to faze Anhalt. "The main problem was to stop it from being a play," he explains, "to stop it from being theatrical, and to make it real. *Becket* on the stage was a series of stylized tapestries. Anouilh had to refer to things that happened offstage, the excommunication scene, or the scene in which Becket is accused by the King's prosecutor, for instance. I had to make the two men into people who were really living in the time that they lived and talking in conversational rather than theatrical terms."

Through the *Superscope*. In preparation, Anhalt read the play repeatedly and attended several performances before he began blocking out the screenplay. With Anouilh's dialogue firmly in mind, he proceeded to invent the missing scenes. Only when he had rewritten it as a screenplay, bearing in mind the mobility and intimacy of the camera, did he reread the play "to see if I had eliminated anything that I should have kept." He found his most important change had been to take much that seemed "too cerebral and put it back in emotional terms." The result was a stunning, emotional *mano a mano* between the two men.

It is a craft and technique that has to be learned the hard way. Manhattan-born Eddie Anhalt began when he left Columbia University in his sophomore year. First he turned to film editing, shoestrung documentaries, pulp fiction, and eventually grade-B pictures. "The film story could be anything I chose to invent," he recalls, "providing the star wore a dinner jacket at least once and was not obliged to run up or down stairs." Given a crack at a grade-A picture, Anhalt, with his first wife Edna, proved how good he could be; his first film, *Panic in the Streets*, starring Richard Widmark, won an Oscar for the husband-wife team in 1950. Another original was *The Sniper*, the story of a young man who gets his kicks out of shooting people through a telescopic sight. It got them an Oscar nomination.

Tear Off the Binding. Anhalt and his wife split up after finishing *The Pride and the Passion*. But on his own, the



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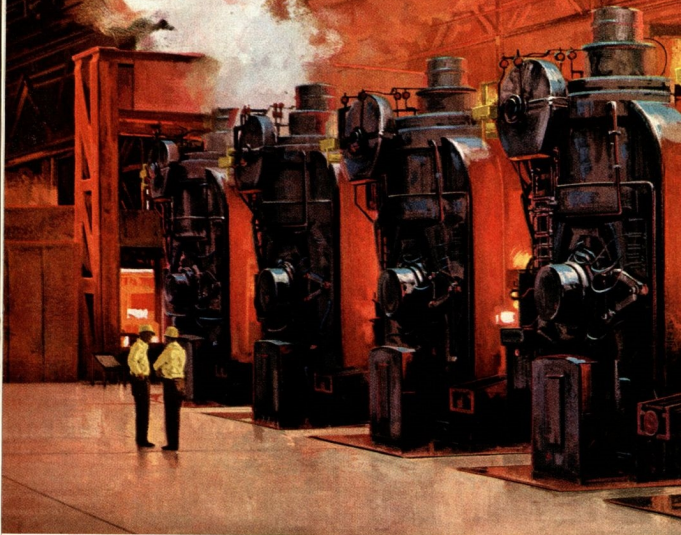


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talented wordsmith has stayed in constant demand. He finished *The Young Lions* ("by actual account, it was the fourteenth attempt by nine writers"), struck out on Walter Wanger's *Cleopatra* after nine days, but made good with *Not as a Stranger*, an almost textbook example of Anhalt's method.

The original novel, by Morton Thompson, is 948 pages, too long for even Anhalt to memorize. Instead, he read the book three or four times, then ripped off the binding; "I would take those pages which gave me a jazz—for any reason—and tack them up on the wall. I ended up with perhaps 100 pages which excited me. Then I would thread my continuity between that excitement,



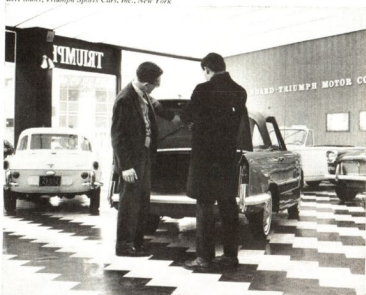
ANHALT IN LANCIA
Cash on the highway.

frequently changing the general moral tone of the book, or its purpose, to fit that excitement."

Crack Up the Cars. Anhalt has since turned out two scripts for Elvis Presley, a Western, two comedies (*Wives and Lovers and Boies*, *Boeing*) and, for Paramount, *Affair in Arcady* ("I call it an original because the novel was about a Chicago gangster turned Virginia farmer and the screenplay was about the late dictator of Iraq, Kassen"). He has just completed a TV script, *A Time for Killing*, with George C. Scott (*Bob Hope Chrysler Theater*, April 30), and is working on *The Cruel Sport*, a screen script about "the morality of Grand Prix racing."

To keep the ideas flowing and allow himself time for second thoughts requires split-second scheduling, and Anhalt has taken to dictating to himself into a tiny microphone clipped onto the lapel of his jacket and picked up by a transistorized tape recorder at his side as he tears along the superhighways in his cream-colored Lancia. The process has caused Anhalt to crack up three cars in the past two years. But the price is cheap. For Hollywood's busy scriptwriter, just another tax deduction.

Bert Short, Triumph Sports Cars, Inc., New York



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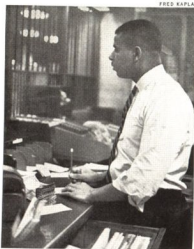


U.S. BUSINESS

EMPLOYMENT

Where the Jobs Are—& Are Not

Economists can always find something to worry about even in the best of times, and right now they do not have to look far. Probably no single economic fact concerns them more, week in and week out, than the nagging problem of unemployment in the midst of prosperity. Good news seems only to increase the concern. Though the unemployment rate in March dropped to 4.7%, the lowest point in seven years, and the Labor Department



BANK TELLER AT BOSTON'S FIRST NATIONAL
Chipping away at barriers.

last week announced that manufacturing jobs have reached a 21-year high, White House economists and Labor Department officials fear that the gain is only temporary and that the first slight slow-up in economic growth will send the unemployment rate climbing toward 5% again.

The Congressional Joint Economic Committee has called U.S. unemployment "intolerably high," and warned that it poses an even greater threat than inflation to continued prosperity. President Johnson likes to glow about the future, but he becomes somber when he speaks of unemployment. Last week, while pointing to "gratifying" gains in employment—now at a record 70,169,000 jobs—the President said: "There are still too many of our people unemployed. We need to create a substantially larger number of jobs before we will be satisfied."

As the U.S. nears the end of its 50th month of steady economic expansion, just where are the jobs being created and where are they being lost?

More White Collars. The strongest segments of job growth in industry are in transportation equipment (including Detroit's automakers) and in fabricated metals and machinery, which have ac-

counted for four-fifths of the manufacturing employment gain in the past year. The weak sections are chiefly in industries affected by defense cuts: ordnance, aircraft, communications equipment, electrical components and shipbuilding. State and local government jobs are burgeoning (they rose by 315,000 in 1964 to 7,200,000), but federal employment has leveled off, partially as the result of a government economy drive. White-collar employment is continuing its fast growth, has now reached 44% of the labor force; there have been corresponding decreases in unskilled and semiskilled jobs in the mining, railroad and construction industries.

The most persistent sectors of unemployment continue to be among Negroes and teen-agers. Negro unemployment now stands at about 10%, more than double the white rate, and that figure soars to 23% among teen-age Negro boys, 31% among teen-age girls. The civil rights drive is resulting in increased hiring of skilled and semiskilled Negro workers—Boston's First National Bank last year hired its first Negroes as white-collar employees—but many of that race's unemployed are unskilled and uneducated, have little chance of being placed. Though the thriving economy decreased teen-age unemployment slightly last year, the percentage of teen-age unemployed (now 14%) is gradually rising.

Despite pockets of unemployment, many jobs are going begging. There is an increasing demand for—and shortage of—secretaries, store clerks, nurses, cooks, policemen, waiters, domestic help. The auto and steel industries, hotels, restaurants, banks and insurance companies are all looking for help. Many professional positions are clamoring to be filled. Jobs for women, instead of being reduced by the proliferation of business machines, have actually been increased by the spectacular growth of the industries that depend heavily on women workers: banks, offices, insurance companies, hotels.

An Ultimate Solution. To reduce "structural" unemployment, the Government has mounted a two-pronged attack designed to train unskilled workers—especially Negroes and teen-agers—for more demanding jobs. More than 125,000 unemployed workers are being retrained, and 275,000 have qualified for federal training grants. Almost three-quarters of those who have completed their training have already been employed by private industry. These programs are, however, stopgap measures at best. The ultimate unemployment solution, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz believes, lies in education. "There is no place in the future society for the uneducated person," he says. "We could put up with them before, but from here on out we can't."

AVIATION

Flying Cash Registers

With automobiles and yachts, ski weekends and Caribbean vacations, Americans spend more of their income (10%) on transportation than any other people. This \$50-billion-a-year penchant for going places has created a healthy tail wind for the nation's airlines, which last year ticketed more passengers, carried more freight and made more money than ever before.



BOEING'S SHORT-RANGE 737



DOUGLAS' JUMBO DC-8 (FOREGROUND)
Placing a dazzling bet.

Last week, aware that the most flights over a given route usually capture the most business, three big airlines placed a dazzling bet on new equipment designed to give them a competitive edge in the race to attract even more Americans to the skies.

Plum for Boeing. United Air Lines, the largest U.S. line, announced the biggest individual order in air transport history: \$750 million worth of jet planes and spare parts. Most of the 144-plane plum went to Seattle's Boeing Co., which thus not only reinforced its position as the world's largest maker of commercial planes (recently wrested from Los Angeles' Douglas Aircraft), but also gained dramatically in its race to catch up with Douglas and British Aircraft Corp. in sales of short-range jets. United will acquire 130 Boeing planes in all: 70 twin-jet short-range 737s, 30 medium-range tri-jet 727s and 30 "quick-change" 727s with interiors that can be converted from passenger to cargo fittings in 20 minutes. The new 727s will enable the airline to squeeze an anticipated 3½ hours more of daily use from each plane by

converting it to haul freight at night.

Though United disappointed Douglas by spurning its short-range DC-9 jet, it handed over \$130 million worth of consolation: firm orders or options for 14 long-range DC-8s. Half of them constituted the very first order for the world's largest commercial jet: the DC-8-61. Now on the assembly line, the huge plane can carry 251 passengers, is a 36-ft. longer version of the DC-8, which accommodates 189 people. Eastern Airlines also ordered four DC-8-61s last week, and American Airlines, already committed to spending \$205 million for 49 new Boeing and British Aircraft jets, announced plans to raise \$53 million for the purchase of even more aircraft, yet unspecified.

It is little wonder that the airlines are on a buying spree. Since 1962, jet transports have proved to be flying cash registers—twice as fast and three times as profitable as the best piston-engine planes. So efficient are the jets that Boeing 707s, for instance, break even with passenger loads as low as 39% of capacity. The industry's load average rose to 55% last year, enough to return the eleven U.S. trunk carriers 11% on their \$2.3 billion investment, the highest rate in 15 years. This has produced some speculation that the Civil Aeronautics Board may order fare cuts (it regards a 10% return as "fair and reasonable"), but the airlines argue that they need several years of high earnings to pay for the \$2.5 billion worth of new jets now on order. For the moment, the CAB seems inclined to agree.

Meager Profits. With 25% of the U.S. airlines' 1,800-plane fleet already composed of pure jets (and another 18% of efficient turbo-prop models), all this new equipment means that the trunk carriers will soon be flying nearly all their passengers in jets. Even the feeder lines, which operate most of the 1,017 piston-engine craft still in service, are starting to switch. A compelling reason: the new small jets are not only designed for hauls as brief as 100 miles but can operate on runways too short for most other modern planes.

For their makers, however, the jets have paid off stingily. Douglas has yet to break even on its DC-8s despite its 269 orders. Convair lost more than \$400 million on its poor-selling 880s and 990s. It took Boeing ten years and 400 orders worth \$2.1 billion to reach a break-even point last fall on its pioneering 707s; 319 sales totaling \$1.28 billion have also recouped costs on Boeing's medium-range 727.

The jet takeoff seems to be only beginning. United Chairman William A. Patterson based his line's huge order on expectations that the industry's business will grow 60% in five years. Juan Trippe, chairman of Pan American Airways, predicts that traffic will triple in ten. One reason for the optimism: for all their traveling, 80% of Americans have yet to fly. The global potential is even bigger; only 2% of the world's population has been up in a plane.

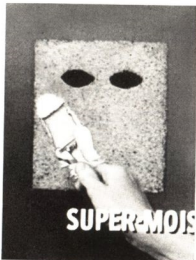
GOVERNMENT

The Old Lady's New Look

The Federal Trade Commission has so often been confused, cranky and slow-moving in the past that Washington officials have dubbed it "the Old Lady of Pennsylvania Avenue." Last week, however, the old lady kicked up her heels over a victory that greatly increased both her prestige and power. Overruling two lower-court decisions, the Supreme Court held that the FTC



FTC'S DIXON



TV SAND-SHAVING COMMERCIAL
Seasoning leads to reasoning.

acted correctly when, in 1962, it ordered Colgate-Palmolive and the Ted Bates ad agency to stop using a mock-up of Plexiglas and sand to demonstrate on TV that Palmolive Rapid Shave could make it easy to "shave" sandpaper. From now on, the FTC will be in a position to ban any deceptive mock-ups that advertisers try to use to "prove" their claims.

Down with Squirrel Guns. Despite last week's headlines, and the FTC's reputation as a very litigious lady, the commission has been trying to reduce its legal assaults. It issued 415 cease-and-desist orders last year—12% fewer than in 1963. Its \$28,500-a-year chairman, Paul Rand Dixon, a husky Tennessean, scoffs what he calls "the squirrel-gun approach" of suits against individual violators, prefers to lay down ground rules for entire industries.

Businessmen usually obey the guidelines because they know that the FTC

is tough to beat once it does go to court. The commission recently persuaded scores of sellers and advertisers to stop claiming falsely that products have been made by blind persons, exaggerating the profits that small investors can earn in Laundromat businesses, and enticing children to become salesmen by deceptive offers of "free" merchandise. Says Dixon: "I'm a great admirer of President Johnson's attitude of 'Come, let us reason together.'"

Aspirin & Cigarettes. A onetime crusading aide to the late Senator Estes Kefauver, Rand Dixon works hard at appearing more reasonable than he used to be. When he became boss in 1961, he scarcely concealed his distrust of big business, often squabbled with his four commissioners. Frustrated by the fights on high and uneasy about the commission's broad and petty swoops on business, many of the brightest young FTC lawyers quit. Dixon did some hard thinking. He fought the morale problem by pushing pay raises and speeding promotions, began to side with staffers more sympathetic to business; recently he declared that "all but a handful" of businessmen want to compete fairly. One result: the FTC's turnover of lawyers dropped from 19% three years ago to 14% last year. The commission still has some personnel difficulties. What the 1,150-employee agency really needs is more technical experts: last year it had to drop plans for a sweeping look at aspirin marketing for lack of scientific personnel.

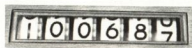
Though Dixon has little influence at the White House, Capitol Hill is beginning to take him more seriously. It was only after he announced plans to order cigarette makers to place warning labels on their packages and in their ads that Congress was moved to press for action. Partly to head off Dixon's stiffer proposals, Congress last week considered five cigarette bills of its own. It is likely not to demand warnings in cigarette ads but to pass a bill requiring warnings on all cigarette labels. If it does so, Paul Rand Dixon will get much of the credit—or blame.

CORPORATIONS

Taking the Right Tack

Yachtsmen who have sailed aboard Rupert C. Thompson's 40-ft. cutter *Dorinda* know that, come what may, Thompson is as placid as pool water at the helm. While his tense crew struggled to run down a damaged sail and hoist a new one in the midst of a hot race last year, Thompson looked on with barely a word, leaving his men to perform their work unbothered. That is just the kind of ship that "Rupe" Thompson, 59, runs as chairman of Textron Inc., New England's second largest firm and certainly one of the nation's most widely diversified. Once a badly ailing textile firm, Providence-based Textron has abandoned fibers completely and, in an adroitly executed corporate tactic, sailed into 65 other profitable lines that

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Organized into five product groups composed of 30 different companies, Texttron sells such diverse items as golf carts, gas meters, roosters, engines for the Agena rocket, mailboxes, a rocket harness that jet-propels the human body, and the helicopters being used in Viet Nam. Last week Texttron's hustling Bell Aerospace division, the leading producer of U.S. helicopters, won a record foreign order for 406 helicopters for the West German air force. The award, which will bring in about \$65 million for Texttron (\$65 million more will go to West German firms working on contract), was especially satisfying because Bell edged out United Aircraft, the only New England manufacturer still larger than Texttron. Based on the West German order and the company's large backlog, Texttron's stock hit a new high of 61½ last week, making Principal Stockholder Thompson's 54,000 shares (or 1%) worth \$3.3 million.

Rigid Auditing. A longtime Providence banker who was brought into Texttron by Founder Royal Little in 1954 as Little's heir apparent, taciturn, trim-waisted Rube Thompson runs his far-flung company with a staff of only 83 people on one floor of a Providence office building. He allows his divisions to operate almost autonomously, much as at General Motors, a corporation that Thompson has studied minutely and admires mightily. His staff coordinates the company's affairs, channels profits where needed. "I'm all for delegating responsibility," says Thompson, "but I also ask for accountability." That takes the form of monthly profit-and-loss reports, quarterly budget reviews, divisional five-year plans and a performance plan that gauges projects by cost.

Thompson completed the move out of low-profit textiles begun by Royal Little—but the company's growth is by no means completed. Texttron has a vice president for acquisitions who scrutinizes at least half a dozen proposals weekly. It is now interested in overseas firms (it has two plants abroad) and in U.S. consumer and industrial lines that would balance the defense division's

35% of total sales. Prospective acquisitions, however, must meet rigid guidelines: \$15 million to \$30 million in annual sales ("We're not trying to compete with General Motors," says Thompson), well-established lines, no overlap of competition with existing Texttron divisions, and enthusiasm for merger. "The management," says Thompson, "must want to be with us."

Six Failures. Texttron has not changed course without running aground on a few shoals. It has had six failures among its acquired companies, blames them on its overeagerness to use up a \$42 million tax-loss carry-over from its old textile operations. The worst failure was that of the S.S. *Leilani*, a converted troop transport that Texttron bought in 1956. Before Texttron finally scuttled her, she lost \$6,000,000 cruising to Hawaii. Sailor Thompson and Texttron President G. William Miller, 40, both keep a model of the *Leilani* in their desks. Whenever any Texttron executive suggests acquisitions that sound farfetched, they quickly pull it out to silence him.

AUTOS

The Price of Safety

Twenty doctors wearing sandwich-board signs over their well-dressed frames picketed last week outside Manhattan's Coliseum. The occasion was the Ninth Annual International Auto Show, and the doctors were doing their bit to urge more safety features in autos. The demonstration was just one more in a growing chorus of demands that Detroit do something both to curb the rising highway accident toll and to cut down its annual contribution of 92 million tons of carbon monoxide to air pollution.

Congressional pressure is building for legislation that would compel automakers to equip new cars with a host of safety devices. Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff recently accused the auto industry of "dragging its feet in the field of safety measures," urged federal action. Congress has already authorized the General Services Administration to require, beginning in September 1967,

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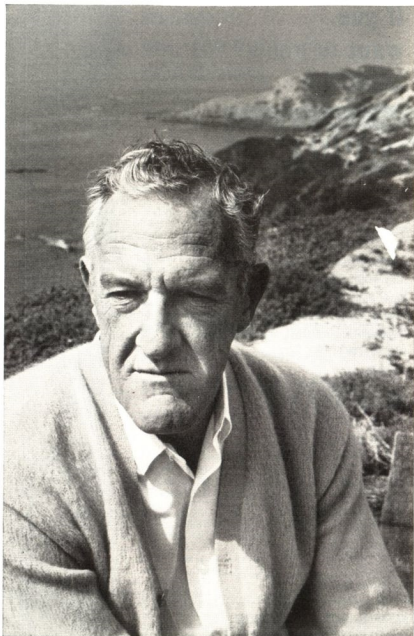
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17 different safety items—from shock-absorbing steering wheels to exhaust controls—on the 60,000 passenger vehicles it buys annually for the Government. Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson has introduced a bill that would require these same safety items on all new cars by 1968. Last week a Senate subcommittee began hearings on a bill that calls for installation of exhaust-control systems on all new cars sold after Nov. 1, 1966.

Better Brakes. The beleaguered auto industry has certainly not ignored safety. In recent years it has introduced safety door locks, recessed and padded dashboards and seat belts as standard equipment, offered scores of safety items as options. Twin braking systems—which work even if one set of brakes fails—are standard equipment on Ramblers and Cadillacs, and several higher-priced cars are now equipped with still more efficient disk brakes. Lincoln has a windshield that pops out on impact.

"The industry's approach may appear a bit slow," says Larry Nagler, chief safety engineer for American Motors, "but we must know where we are going. Just because a 'safety' tag is hung on a specific proposal, there is no reason to assume that it is either effective, worthwhile or economically justified." Nonetheless, Detroit realizes that pressures may eventually force it to adopt many more safety and exhaust-control features (California will require exhaust-control devices on all 1966 cars)—and it is preparing for that day.

Snapping Column. General Motors is experimenting with wired seat belts that must be buckled before the ignition system will work, and with green taillights that turn red when the brakes are applied and thus give a sharper light contrast on braking than at present. The Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, which does work for all of the auto companies, has suggested removing the glove compartment to do away with a potentially dangerous obstacle to the front-seat passenger in case of a crash, and protecting the driver with a steering column that would snap in the middle upon impact. Others have proposed spring-mounted bumpers and thicker doors, sealed side windows to keep arms and legs from flailing out in an accident. Detroit has already built test models with windshields slanted at a greater angle to forestall head damages, and with twist-twist steering that uses a small, five-inch-diameter disk for each hand.

The industry is also considering such ideas as wiper blades for headlights, autoguide devices on the front bumper that pick up signals from the highway's shoulder and guide the car, and G.M.'s completely automatic highway. But the automakers are in no hurry to rush new safety equipment to the market, and they are unlikely to move any faster on their own. One reason: installation of all the safety options already available would add \$1,000 to the cost of the average new car.



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WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

A Cry for Change

While striving to keep the peace and maintain its own prosperity, the Western world in recent months has faced an unusual series of crises and alarms involving its monetary system. The pound has been attacked, the dollar's value questioned; gold is again and again the subject of debate. To narrow its payments gap, the U.S. has had to slash its foreign lending and investment—and has done it so successfully that many Europeans are now worrying about a money shortage. The latest development came last week when Britain, in an effort to correct its payments

that he "would prefer almost any solution to no solution at all."

In search of a solution, financial experts from the ten leading industrial nations—the so-called Group of Ten—met two weeks ago in Paris to weigh various proposals, on which they will report next month. The U.S. has assigned a hush-hush group of economists and bankers to study possible reforms under the direction of Frederick Deming, the Treasury's Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs. Other study groups have been put to work by the 102-nation International Monetary Fund, by Europe's Common Market, by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, and by govern-

Minister Wilson, former British Exchequer Chancellor Reginald Maudling, Greece's Central Bank Chief Xenophon Zolotas and Bank of Italy Governor Guido Carli. Wilson's version of the plan would work this way: 1) the IMF would create certificates of credit; 2) countries would buy these certificates with their own currencies, use them to settle foreign debts; 3) the IMF would use the national currencies that it collected to back its certificates. The IMF would also lend its certificates to underdeveloped countries in order to expand their buying power in world markets.

The obvious advantage of this plan is that it would create more money than



RUEFF*



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Coining ideas to beat archaic limitations.



BLESSING



TRIFFIN

deficit, was forced to curb its domestic buying power and overseas investments, a move that will further increase the pinch on Europe. Designed to stimulate trade and economic growth and to foster monetary stability, the world monetary system has lately seemed to be more a barrier than an aid to those ends.

The deficiencies of the monetary system have raised the loudest cries for reform since the system was set up in 1944. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, whose financial policies are in large part being dictated by international bankers, has bitterly condemned "the archaic limitations of our international monetary machinery." Former U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon felt so strongly about the matter that in his farewell statement two weeks ago he said: "The greatest financial challenge is to work out changes in the international monetary system." French Economist Jacques Rueff, who influenced Charles de Gaulle's call for a return to the gold standard, concedes

ments from Berne to Tokyo. Nearly all agree on the need for improvement in the monetary system, even though they differ widely in their proposals.

Supercharged Bank. As the system now stands, the Western world suffers from the lack of a truly international money. In recent years, it has used dollars and pounds to finance almost all of its growth in trade. When the U.S. and Britain run big payments deficits, they pump out plenty of dollars and pounds for the world to use. When other Western countries accumulate a lot of dollars and pounds, on the other hand, their bankers start to complain of inflation and tend to trade in some of that money for U.S. and British gold. There is constantly a dilemma: either Washington and London lose gold, or the rest of the Western world runs low on capital.

The oldest and perhaps most radical plan for reform, first suggested by Britain's Lord Keynes, is to turn the IMF into a supercharged world central bank with powers to create its own money. Yale Economist Robert Triffin revived and modernized this idea in 1959, and it has been embraced—in one form or another—by such experts as Prime

Minister Wilson, former British Exchequer Chancellor Reginald Maudling, Greece's Central Bank Chief Xenophon Zolotas and Bank of Italy Governor Guido Carli. Wilson's version of the plan would work this way: 1) the IMF would create certificates of credit; 2) countries would buy these certificates with their own currencies, use them to settle foreign debts; 3) the IMF would use the national currencies that it collected to back its certificates. The IMF would also lend its certificates to underdeveloped countries in order to expand their buying power in world markets.

The obvious advantage of this plan is that it would create more money than could be used in international trade. The obvious flaw is that many countries might be reluctant to turn over to the IMF powers to expand and contract the international supply of money. Replying to that objection, IMF Managing Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer notes that the size of the money supply is now determined by such hazards as the extent of the U.S. dollar deficit and the amount of South African gold production—and that it would be far better for the world to control its monetary reserves by "deliberate decision."

A somewhat less extreme idea, lately popularized by Economist Edward Bernstein, an influential White House adviser, is to have small but powerful groups of countries generate new international currencies of their own. Bernstein proposed that nations in the Group of Ten create a money—backed by their own francs, marks, yen and kroner—that would gradually supplement pounds and dollars in world trade. He figures that sponsor countries could expand this supply of new money by about \$1 billion a year.

French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has also called for the Group of Ten to create its own money,

* Wearing the uniform of the Académie Française, the exclusive, 40-man band of intellectuals into which Rueff was initiated a fortnight ago.



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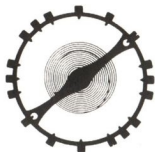
but he wants to use it only as a minor supplement to gold. France's main aim is to upgrade the importance of gold, of which it has plenty, and downgrade the dollar and the pound. The Common Market is talking about printing a six-nation money, and its economic chief, Robert Marjolin, figures that such a move could later open the way for a Group of Ten money. The U.S. opposes the idea of a Group of Ten money because, although it belongs to the Group, its influence in it is not large.

Easier to Borrow. The U.S. would rather reform the monetary system by expanding the lending powers of the IMF. One of Washington's pet ideas is to vastly increase the IMF's lendable funds and make it easier for countries to borrow those funds to settle international debts. The IMF is in the midst of increasing its reserves from \$15.8 billion to \$21 billion: last week the Senate Banking Committee voted to boost the U.S.'s contribution to the IMF from \$4.1 billion to \$5.2 billion. The snag is that France has refused to raise its contributions, and such wealthy countries as The Netherlands and Belgium have not contributed as much as they could.

The most conservative idea for reform is that of Europe's most influential central banker, Bundesbank President Karl Blessing, who is less interested in expanding the supply of reserves than in heading off inflation. He would keep the current monetary system largely intact but limit the amount of dollars and sterling that countries can hold in their reserves. He calls for a ratio of one-third currency, two-thirds gold. Blessing is basically endorsing an idea conceived by Suardus Posthuma, former managing director of The Netherlands' central bank—but Posthuma proposes a 60-40 ratio in favor of gold. Either proposal would prevent countries from accumulating big, inflationary piles of dollars, would also head off crises by forcing all countries to cure their deficits before they grew dangerously large. Reason: countries would have to dip into their limited stocks of gold to pay off most of their debts, and they simply could not afford to run big deficits.

Strong Position. In this motley of ideas, several points stand out. The drive to open new pools of international money is accelerating: the powers of the IMF are destined to grow larger. Though the dollar will maintain a dominant position, financial experts almost unanimously agree that the world should no longer depend on U.S. deficits for most of its new reserves. Now that the U.S. is narrowing its payments deficit and strengthening the dollar, it is in a stronger position to negotiate. Last week Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler called reform of the money system "the major task" of the world's financial ministers in the months and years ahead. He assured everyone that he approaches that task "with an open mind and a willingness to study all practical proposals."

The Accutron® Story



Old-fashioned balance wheel is still used in all wind, self-wind, and electric watches. It is not used in the Accutron movement.



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These things do not affect Accutron time at all.

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(Owners have even told us they find it a little strange, being this sure of *anything* these days.)



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ART

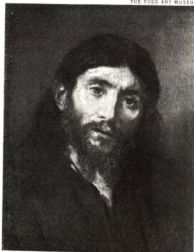
MUSEUMS

The Fogg's Find

With major Rembrandts bringing up to \$4,448 per sq. in. at public auction, the odds against finding one at bargain-basement prices is—well—something like the nth power of a googolplex. But the bare possibility can turn the most level-headed curator into a creature half Hawkshaw, half Walter Mitty. Such was the spine-tingling predicament of Harvard's Fine Arts Chairman Seymour Slive. On a busman's holiday to Los Angeles, he had been casually shown an unsigned 17th century oil sketch, *The Head of Christ*, at the Paul Kantor Gallery. The glimpse proved unforgettable. Recalls Slive: "The left side of the face looks almost like a death's head. Yet the right side is tender. The eyes looked out and yet inward."

Returning across the country on a camping trip with his wife and three children, Slive was haunted by the picture: "I know it 'sounds corny, but I honestly had visions of that painting in the campfires." Back in Cambridge, he had the oil sketch shipped to him for closer inspection. Fogg Art Museum colleagues, including Jakob Rosenberg, scrutinized it and agreed on its authenticity. Experts evaluated it as high as \$400,000. To make finally certain, Slive strung the painting around his neck in a bag and flew off to Holland. "I felt just like James Bond," confesses Slive. The concurrence of the six leading Dutch Rembrandt scholars made the sleuthing worthwhile. Boston Businessman William A. Coolidge agreed to finance the purchase, and this week Harvard's Fogg Museum is proudly announcing its newest acquisition, the first and only Rembrandt oil to enter the collection. The purchase price: a relatively modest \$36,000.

THE FOGG ART MUSEUM



"HEAD OF CHRIST"

The sketch looked compellingly Rembrandt.

PAINTING

Chagallisms

At the ripe age of 77, Marc Chagall last week became a doctor—of fine arts. At his honorary hooding at the University of Notre Dame, the Russian-born artist who has painted cows jumping over the moon and orbited lovers, flowers and folklore, Chagall had a few words for U.S. academics.

"Art must go rather toward the soul than through theories toward the brain," he said. "Art and life itself seem to me like a boat upon the waters. To whom is it given, this gift of guiding this boat and how to sail it? I see the life of everyday peoples and things as through a tear. I try to offer them, as I can, a plastic reflection." Mixing his metaphors as brightly as he does his oils, Chagall concluded that "the role of the artist is tragic today because, while the world's horizons have been extended, the human heart is as small as ever."

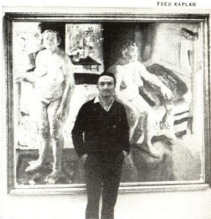
The Quipster

The most important picture that Larry Rivers ever painted was *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. He was only redoing Emanuel Leutze's heroic tableau, painted in 1851 in Düsseldorf, which was in itself a pretty dubious romanticization of the past. But in 1953, with abstract expressionism firing off its salvos, Rivers might as well have glorified Benedict Arnold. Rivers was put down by the avant-garde as a reactionary, a brush-brandishing brontosaurus, or worst of all, a realist.

Nowadays pop art has made Rivers respectable. To even the most apocalyptic, often reluctant, critics, he appears as the logical, stable span between Pollock, Kline and De Kooning and the newcomers who actually attach real beer cans to their paintings. His 155-work exhibition that opens this week at Brandeis University's Rose Art Museum,* proves that Rivers is exciting in his own right. Even the commonplace cliché of General George fording the Delaware looks good beside a giant representation of a Campbell soup can. The crucial difference is that Rivers, unlike the pop artists, does not leave his subject matter standing alone as a cool icon supposedly full of a magic banality. Rather, he espouses historical nostalgia, family relationships and concern for human tragedy. He is even a compulsive portraitist.

Anatomizing Mother-in-Law. Rivers started out as a jazz musician. He studied at the Juilliard School of Music, plays the saxophone with a jazz combo called the Upper Bohemians. But shortly after being discharged from the Army

* The exhibition travels to the Pasadena Art Museum in August, then on to Manhattan's Jewish Museum, the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.



RIVERS & "DOUBLE PORTRAIT OF BERDIER"
Washington looked scandalously George.

Air Corps in 1943, he signed up in Hans Hofmann's painting classes. Rivers proved a hip but argumentative pupil. The canvas rectangle was then viewed as a neutral battleground whose every square inch must show the vital push and pull of his artistic struggle. How was it, Rivers wanted to know, that the greats of the past were good even in fragments?

Soon, at artists' get-togethers in Manhattan's Eighth Street Club, Rivers was maintaining, "History doesn't disgust me. Old masters are my favorite painters." Manet's famous *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, in which nude models picnic contentedly with their fully dressed and well-known men about Paris, particularly attracted him. Rivers decided to achieve the same shock value; he persuaded his elderly mother-in-law, Berdier, to pose for 20 exacting, and mostly nude, examinations of anatomy. The result was almost as great a scandal as *Washington*.

Delightful Puff. Playing variations on a theme comes naturally to a jazz musician. Rivers has carried much of this facility over into his painting. As jazz will use parts of a familiar tune to take off for bluer skies, Rivers is content to borrow bits of the old masters or leave parts of his painting unfinished and out of focus. Sometimes he will simply jot down on the canvas notations to color an area ochre or blue and then not bother coloring it. By this, he is leaving hints at the process of art as a form of living improvisation.

In *Africa II* (see opposite page), Rivers exquisitely sketches the features of a native, then juxtaposes it with the flimsy profiles of camels off the cigarette pack and a slinky crocodile. The result is a rough estimate of a dark continent, suggestive like an ominous travel poster, but nonetheless full of color and intrigue. In *Dutch Masters and Cigars II*, he is producing high comedy rather than striving for high seriousness. Art to him can be puns, quipping conceits between cigars and Rembrandt. Only a delightful puff here and there separates it from thin air.

FRED KAPLAN

JAZZY COMBOS BY LARRY RIVERS

"DUTCH MASTERS & CIGARS II" (1963) uses collage of cigar-box images against painted figures to create a by-play between a smoker's familiar brand name and equally familiar Rembrandt.



"AFRICA II" (1963) is a blend of sketchily drawn details of crocodile and camels with school wall chart and figures. Artist calls mixture a "smorgasbord of the recognizable."



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Go ahead and use your metal spatulas, spoons, forks and other utensils. You can't wear out the non-stick qualities.

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SPORT

BASEBALL

Daymares in the Dome

When a man has been a state legislator at 22, a judge at 24, a multimillionaire at 35 and mayor of a metropolis at 41, what else is there left for him at 53 but to build a suitable monument to himself? For Houston's Kubla Khan, Roy ("Giltfinger") Hofheinz, it obviously had to be a pleasure dome on the order of the Great Pyramid or the Colossus of Rhodes. To Builder Hofheinz, Houston's new, \$31.6 million "Astrodome"—the first covered, fully air-conditioned baseball stadium—is literally "the Eighth Wonder of the World." When he showed it off to French Ambassador Hervé Alphand, the ambassador made the mistake of remarking that the Astrodome's latticework roof reminded him of the Eiffel Tower. Sniffed Hofheinz: "The Eiffel Tower is all right, but you can't play ball there."

Well, they can't in the Astrodome either—in daytime, anyway. Last week its resident tenants, the Houston Astros (formerly the Colt .45s), played their first day game under the steel and plastic dome, against their own Oklahoma City farm hands. As a precautionary measure, outfielders wore batting helmets in the field. They needed them. Unable to follow the flight of the ball against the jigsaw pattern of the roof, the players staggered about like asphyxiated cockroaches as fly ball after fly ball dropped at their feet. When they quit after seven innings, the Astros were ahead 10-3—and six of the runs had been scored on lost fly balls. "It's impossible to play under these conditions," moaned Astro General Manager



YANKEE-ASTRO GAME IN HOUSTON'S NEW STADIUM
Who plays in the Eiffel Tower?

er Paul Richards. "Sure, somebody will win and somebody will lose. But who's kidding whom? This isn't baseball."

Red Glasses & Orange Balls. There was talk of installing blue lights to counteract the sun's glare. The frantic Astros sent out for special red sunglasses and colored baseballs: orange, cherry, yellow. "The orange balls are even worse than the white," reported Manager Lum Harris. Suggestions poured in. "I've had 89 phone calls and 130 wires from as far away as Juneau," Richards sighed. The most sensible came from Johnny Keane, whose New York Yankees arrived in Houston to play an exhibition against the Astros: "Paint the roof," said Keane, "or play all the games at night."

Sure enough, the Yanks and Astros played at night, and nobody so much as muffed a fly. The trouble was trying to hit one. "The ball just doesn't carry here," complained Yankee John Blanchard, swinging mightily and watching the ball settle into the catcher's glove. "It must be mathematical." Pitchers were ecstatic. "My knuckler's never broken better," chortled Houston's Ken Johnson. "This is a pitcher's park."

As it turned out, the Astros beat the Yankees 2-1, in the presence of 47,876 considerably distracted fans, including President Johnson. It was the biggest crowd ever to turn out for a baseball game in Houston. In the \$1.50 bleacher seats (each with its own arm rest and foam rubber seat), they munched hot dogs and lolled about in shirtsleeved comfort while a \$4.5 million, computer-operated air-conditioning system kept the temperature at a steady 74° and filtered smoke out of the air. Luckier fans had "Spacettes" in gold lamé skirts and cowboy boots to guide them to their reserved seats (\$2.50 to \$3.50), their choice of three restaurants and a private club that offered everything from "king size roast prime eye of beef" (\$5.50) to that old Texas stand-by,

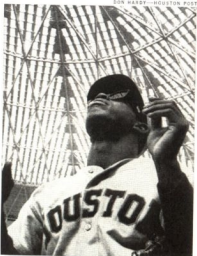
son-of-a-gun stew (\$2.50). All out all of them could go home later and boast that they were sitting "right behind the dugout!" to ensure that they could, Hofheinz purposely built the Astrodome's dugouts 120 ft. long.

The Most. There were, of course, a few bad seats in the house: the most expensive ones. The 53 sky boxes, as they are called, are all on the sixth deck, about 115 ft. from the playing field (v. 45 ft. for the average bleacher seat), range in size from 24 to 54 seats, and cost from \$15,000 to \$32,000 a year to rent. Behind the boxes are one-room "suites," each with refrigerator, ice maker, bar, toilet, a closed-circuit TV that broadcasts Dow Jones averages, and a six-foot butler decked out in gold and orange.

In Hofheinz's own penthouse, high above the rightfield stands, the carpet, chairs, telephones, even the toilets, are all gold-colored. Last week, tamping his



BUILDER HOFHEINZ
Who says it's bush?



BAFFLED ASTRO
Who's kidding whom?

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DIVIDENDS? Northwestern Mutual Life has had increases in dividend scales in 11 of the last 13 years—an outstanding record. In 1965, \$124.1 million in dividends, the largest amount in NML's 108-year history, will be distributed.

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cigar ash in a gold ashtray, shaped like a fielder's glove, Hofheinz peered anxiously out of his picture windows, awaiting his big moment.

If he were a patient man, he'd still be waiting. After all, the Astros only hit 70 home runs last year, and in the new ballpark it was all they could do just to get the ball out of the infield. Finally, in the eighth inning, Hofheinz gave up, growled an order—and the giant scoreboard did its home-run trick. Lights flashed, skyrockets soared, gongs sounded, whistles shrieked, bells rang. Two cowboys appeared on the huge screen, firing six-guns, followed by a steer with a U.S. flag on one horn and the Lone Star on the other. Hofheinz sighed happily. "Nobody can ever see this," he said, "and still think that Houston is bush."

POWERBOAT RACING

No Spray, No Sweat

For four years, the Miami-to-Nassau powerboat race has been monopolized by Boatbuilder Dick Bertram, 49, whose V-hulled *Moppies* were especially designed to knife through the usually choppy, churning seas. Last week Bertram was back with a brand-new, 38-ft. "heavy weather" boat powered by twin 550-h.p. General Motors diesels. But where was the weather? The 183-mile stretch between Miami and Nassau was as calm as a Palm Beach swimming pool. "Any ski boat could win this race," sneered one disgruntled skipper as 46 competitors lined up for the start.

By the time the leaders reached Cat Cay, just 44½ miles from Miami, it was a two-boat race. Don Aronow, whose boatyard had already turned out the successful Formula racers, had come up with a new boat: *Donzi 007*, a fiberglass 28-footer, with a deep-V hull like the Bertram and powered by two 450-h.p. Ford engines. His competition was Merrick Lewis, whose *Holocaust* (730 horses packed into a 23-ft. frame) was—that's right—an Aronow-designed Formula. With 007 throttled up to 5,800 r.p.m., Aronow was hitting a fantastic 66 knots as he screamed into the Cat Cay checkpoint, with *Holocaust* smack on his stern. Trying to beat 007 to the checkpoint at Cat Cay pier, Lewis lost his bearings, ran *Holocaust* onto a sand bar and out of the race. By that point, Dick Bertram was two miles back, waging a mighty fight against smooth water.

Cutting his engines back to a cozy 5,200 r.p.m., Aronow sashayed over the glassy Bahama flats at a steady 55 knots, crossed the finish line in 3 hrs. 19 min. 36 sec.—slicing 45 sec. off the race record. "I could have made it in three hours flat," shrugged Aronow, "the sea was so calm." So calm, in fact, that 007 still showed the dirty footprints that somebody had left on her bow back in Miami. Even at 66 knots, 007 had not churned up enough spray to wet the deck.



The world on a string

Strung under the Pacific is a new one-and-a-quarter-inch diameter telephone cable that carries 128 voice circuits between the United States and Japan. Another cable now links the Eastern Seaboard and Europe. And cable-laying ships continue to ply the seas, spinning an ever-widening communications web around the world. Vital to the high-quality transmission of undersea cables are high-performance plastics manufactured by Budd. Among them are copper-clad, glass-epoxy laminates used for printed circuits in cable terminals, in

switchboards, in the amplifying "repeaters" spliced into cables every 22 miles, and even in telephones. In many ways, the needs of the world-wide communications industry are served by Budd industrial plastics produced in the U. S., France and West Germany. To learn more about them, contact H. G. Voltz, Vice President, International Division, The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19132. In Europe, contact A. D. van Galen, The Budd Company, 72 rue du Landy, La Plaine St. Denis (Seine), France.

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MILESTONES

Died. Linda Darnell, 41, sultry brunette star, and one of Hollywood's great natural beauties, who appeared in some 50 movies (*Blood and Sand*, *Forever Amber*, *A Letter to Three Wives*) from 1939 on; of burns suffered during a pre-dawn fire that started in the living room of a friend and former secretary whom she was visiting; in Chicago.

Died. Major General John Kenton Hester, 48, commander of the U.S. 17th Air Force in Germany, a World War II combat ace who flew 50 missions against Japanese bases in China, later served in staff posts before assuming his final command six months ago; of brain injuries suffered when his parachute failed during a training jump from 1,250 ft.; in Wiesbaden, Germany.

Died. Albert Cardinal Meyer, 62, spiritual leader of Chicago's 2,300,000 Roman Catholics, largest U.S. archdiocese, a vigorous leader who upon donning the red hat in 1959 confided, "I am happy for myself, but I am even happier for the people of Chicago," banned parish bingo, renovated dilapidated schools (15 days after he took over as archbishop in 1958, 87 children and three nuns died in a school blaze), racially integrated the parochial school system, declaring, "The glory of Christ demands it"; of cancer; in Chicago.

Died. Dr. Sherman Cecil Patrick, 72, a chemist who, while searching for a cheap antifreeze in 1923, stumbled on the formula for Thiokol, first U.S.-developed synthetic rubber, which has since become an indispensable ingredient of solid rocket fuel; of a heart attack; in Philadelphia.

Died. Sherman ("Shay") Minton, 74, dour former Supreme Court Justice who defended the New Deal ("You can't eat the Constitution") when he was U.S. Democratic Senator from Indiana (1935-41), remained sympathetic to the Administration after President Truman appointed him to the high court in 1949, backing the Justice Department in most antitrust appeals and concurring in the unanimous school desegregation decision of 1954, retiring as a result of pernicious anemia in 1956; of intestinal hemorrhaging; in New Albany, Ind.

Died. William King Driggs, 79, one-time barnstorming balladeer who helped his daughters gain fame in the 1940s as the King Sisters vocal trio, then last summer out-trouped the Trappes by massing his wife, six daughters and two sons, their seven husbands and wives, and 23 of his grandchildren to form ABC-TV's singing King Family (theme song: *Love in the Home*); of a stroke; in Burbank, Calif.



Today somebody will fold wings on a jet, reclaim a beach from the sea, bake a cake:

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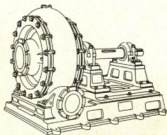


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Have fun a thousand ways. You can play golf year round. You can ride, play tennis, fish for fighting wahoo, Allison tuna, bonefish. You can sail, rent a yacht, a houseboat, or power-driven water skis. You can cycle, ride in a

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CINEMA

Unholy Western

Major Dundee. On his own initiative, the fanatic U.S. Cavalry major recruits thieves, drunkards, and Confederate prisoners for a punitive mission against a band of Apaches who have kidnapped three children. Why? "I intend to smite the wicked," he declares.

When his ragged troops reach the near shore of the Rio Grande, the major must give up the chase or ford the river into Mexico. How? "We'd better walk on water," suggests an aide.

Major Dundee is Charlton Heston, and the writers of this long-winded, quasi-Biblical western apparently had fun filling their script with reminders that the star has previously played such roles as Ben-Hur, Moses and John the Baptist. With Old Testament wrath, he pursues Chief Sierra Charriba through



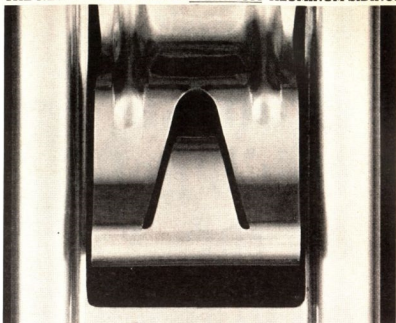
HESTON & BERGER IN "DUNDEE"
The Apaches got lost.

the wilderness in A.D. 1865. But once Heston gets on Mexican soil, Director Sam Peckinpah (*Ride the High Country*) lets *Dundee* ramble so freely that the Apaches are soon lost in subplots.

The major has to settle racial tensions between Negro troops and a contingent of Southern renegades led by his fiery second-in-command, Captain Tyreen (Richard Harris). When the major and the captain are not psycho-analyzing each other or saving a village from a regiment of French lancers, they court a German-born widow (Senta Berger). Finally the kidnapped children are recovered and Charriba punished, almost as an afterthought, leaving the way clear for a brisk, bloody showdown between U.S. and French troops.

Here some two dozen agile stunt men sustain the casualties for both sides, making death look like an Olympian test of skill. Their tardy efforts to save *Major Dundee* from mediocrity rival the gesture of Actor Heston who, with a

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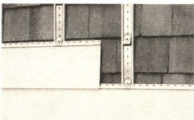


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perhaps excessive sense of responsibility, returned his \$200,000 salary to Columbia Pictures to pay for last-minute improvements in the film. Alas, the bread thus cast upon the waters seems to have sunk without a trace.

Unlikely Comedies

Not on Your Life offers a mordant answer to the question: Can a hearse driver find happiness with an executioner's daughter? This black comedy from Spain thus uses the weapons of farce to mount a small, stinging attack against capital punishment, though Director Luis Berlanga too often evokes laughter and stifles it at the same time.

Hero Nino Manfredi is a cheerful, sensitive young chap who chauffeurs cadavers around Madrid. One day he meets the public executioner's daughter (Emma Penella), a deep-bosomed spinster whose marriage opportunities have been blighted by her father's profession. Already bound by the facts of death, the daughter and the hearse driver soon begin to share the facts of life as well. When the girl becomes pregnant, the couple get married—at a macabre economy-sized ceremony in a busy chapel where the flowers, candlelight and carpeting are spirited away as they say "I do."

The newlyweds start a search for living quarters, but the only apartments available are for civil servants. And the only job available belongs to the girl's old man, who longs to retire and turn his garroting clamps over to younger, stronger hands. Impossible, says the driver: "I can't kill a fly." Nonsense, says his father-in-law: "You've always worked with dead people."

Director Berlanga, to his immense credit, works exclusively with live ones. His characters are sharply observed, warmly played. When Manfredi is summoned at last to finish off a condemned man on the sunny island of Majorca, he takes his wife along for their honeymoon. The gay holidays end with a jolt in a bleak prison courtyard where uniformed guards are forced to drag the reluctant executioner and his victim toward the hour of judgment. The comment is strong but disappointingly literal, for *Life* loses ground as a first-rank satire when it stops kidding its message and starts preaching it.

White Voices, touted in publicity as an Italian-style *Tom Jones*, is a ribald comedy based on one long, indelicate joke about the once-celebrated *castrati*, the eunuch sopranos of Italy. Gelded at an early age to preserve the pitch and "whiteness" of their voices, the *castrati* enlivened Europe's leading salons and opera stages for most of the 17th and 18th centuries.

In richly varied, stylishly photographed settings that effuse the florid flavor of the period, the writing-directing team of Festa Campanile and Massimo Franciosa brings to the foreground an impoverished layabout named Meo



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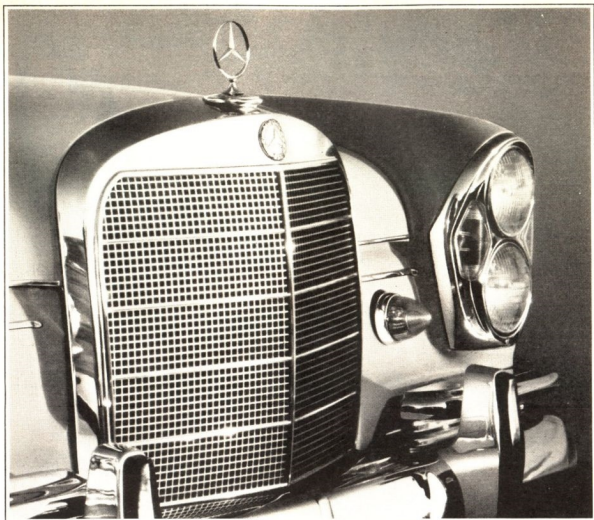
AIMÉE & FERRARI IN "VOICES"
The capon that could.

(Paolo Ferrari). Meo bungles his way into the Vatican vocal conservatory that separates the boys from the men, bribes the surgeon not to operate on him, but somehow manages to retain a passable falsetto. Later favored by the nobility, the false capon cuckolds his patrons. He reveals his secret to one elegant lady (Anouk Aimée) while he helps her undress. Another (Barbara Steele) learns the truth when the two snuggle into a barrel used as a duck blind. A third (Sandra Milo) gets the news under a cape while performing at a fashionable impromptu. Her husband applauds.

Though *White Voices* sounds titillating in summary, its lustfulness, weakened by fast and frequent fadeouts, is mostly suggestiveness. The rest of the humor is fetid stuff, performed with more energy than art, ranging from gags about chamber pots to winking asides about transvestitism as a career. *Voices* may excite curiosity among gentlemen with a taste for camp. Jones boys will find better things to do.

Quick, *Before It Melts* explores the comic possibilities of sex in Antarctica and coaxes forth little more than a frozen smile. Against rear-projection views of a place that resembles McMurdo Sound, Director Delbert Mann belabors all the hoariest tricks of his trade. *Melts* has crazy scientists, sex-starved Navy men, a penguin that delivers radiograms, a seal given to voyeurism, and quips that must have been packed away since Admiral Byrd first visited the place. "We're having a heat wave—darned near up to zero!"

Among those stranded on this outing are Broadway Comedian Robert Morse as a fidgety magazine reporter assigned to Operation Deep Freeze, and George Maharis as the lecherous photographer who helps thaw out a pair of playthings flown into the base for publicity purposes. One is a blonde (Janine Gray), one a brunette (Anjanette Comer), and that is the easiest way to tell them apart. It doesn't really matter. As a showcase of young talent, *Melts* appears to be the year's best bet for instant anonymity.



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How the people of Lincoln and the Salt-Wahoo discovered the secret of flood control

A few years ago the people around Lincoln, Nebraska, watched spring skies with apprehension and concern. The threat of flash floods lurked in every thunderhead. But today these storms just mean water for thirsty croplands. This is the story...

There were 97 floods on Salt Creek and its tributaries between 1900 and 1953. Sixteen were major disasters.

Otto Liebers remembers most of them. A former state representative and an active dairyman, Otto Liebers helped unlock the secret of taming the flood-waters of the Salt-Wahoo Watershed.

"The trouble with Lincoln," says Liebers, "is that it's in the wrong place—in one of the lowest spots in our Watershed. Nearly every drop of runoff water flows through Lincoln."

Races is more like it. Normal precipitation is only 28 inches a year, but nearly half of this total has poured down on the countryside in a single day.

May 8, 1950—Lincoln's worst flood

The toll was terrible—nine lives lost, 1000 homes and 200 business establishments flooded, streets and highways destroyed, more than 150 bridges wiped out. Damage in Lincoln alone amounted to \$1,600,000. Flood and soil erosion damage in the Watershed reached a shocking total of \$11,000,000.

"What can we do?" This question gave birth to the Salt-Wahoo Watershed Association—an organization of neighbors from the farms and the city. Otto Liebers was elected president. Everyone pitched in to stop the flood menace.

Solutions were offered. By the farmers. By city people. By the Corps of Engineers. By the Soil Conservation Service. Build some big dams near the

city. Create a system of dikes and levees. Install a complex system of small retarding structures in the uplands. Treat the land.

But no one plan seemed agreeable to all. Time passed. And nothing was done.

The secret

Finally the secret of effective flood control came to light—the simple ingredient of cooperation. Under the leadership of the Salt-Wahoo Watershed Association and other civic-minded groups, a coordinated plan began to emerge for the Salt-Wahoo.

In 1960, voters in the district overwhelmingly approved a $\frac{3}{4}$ -mill levy on all real and personal property to provide funds.

Today much of the work is already completed. Seven of the ten Corps of Engineers' dams have been built. More than 50 of the SCS's smaller upstream structures and an extensive program of modern land treatment practices are also helping to make the dream of a "Valley of Still Waters" a reality.

What it means to Lincoln

A low-lying portion of center-city Lincoln—once undeveloped because of flood hazard—is now available for prime use. Today this land is valued at four or five times its previous worth.

A new industrial park is being developed along a stream which used to flood regularly. Land formerly worth only a few hundred dollars an acre has skyrocketed to \$10,000 an acre.

Elimination of salt marshes along some of the streams is ridding the city of a major health menace—disease-carrying mosquitoes.

To enjoy life better

All of the citizens of the Watershed, city and farm people alike, benefit from

water recreation facilities on the new lakes which dot the countryside.

The state fairgrounds are no longer subject to periodic flooding. A new children's zoo is nearing completion in a section of ground once subject to floods.

Agricultural damage—when all of the structures have been completed—will be reduced by more than 80%. Since the big 1950 flood did \$11,000,000 of damage to Watershed farms, this protection is a major boost to the area's economy.

A brutal test

Two years ago a sudden storm—the worst since 1950—dumped 12 inches of rain in eastern Nebraska near the Salt-Wahoo Watershed. Three lives were lost. Damage climbed to the millions.

But damage in the Watershed, protected by the new dams, was held to \$588,000. "If all of the dams had been completed," says an official, "we could have prevented many of these losses."

A look to the future

To take care of the water needs of its growing population—expected to reach 175,000 by 1975—Lincoln is now investigating the possibility of using one of the future flood structures for water storage, adding another dimension to its water planning.

Has anyone in your city taken a look at your water requirements for 1975?

Does your area suffer from floods like Lincoln's? Or the chronic water shortages that once plagued Dallas, Texas, or Paris, Illinois? People in these cities have learned that these problems can be solved on a local basis.

There's only one time for action—right now. Write today for "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A.," a booklet on our nationwide water problems. Dept. T-15, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.



Once undeveloped because of flood hazard, this center-city area is available for prime use. Its value has increased almost 400%.



Now the people of the Salt-Wahoo enjoy all types of water sports on the new lakes which dot the countryside.

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BOOKS

Nostalgia for Grace

THE AMBASSADOR by Morris L. West. 275 pages. Morrow. \$4.95.

Morris West's best novels merit serious attention because they grapple earnestly with the private truths of religious crisis. *The Devil's Advocate* approached greatness. It used a fascinating but hypothetical public issue—the ecclesiastical investigation into the life of a possible saint—as backdrop to the private spiritual agony of a middle-aged monsignor dying of cancer. Then West began to tinker dangerously with the balance between private and public; his novels increasingly seemed to offer the inside dope about decisions of state, competing for the attention due the internal truths of spiritual life. *The Shoes of the Fisherman* was published at the time of the election of Paul VI; its hero is a middle-aged archbishop who becomes Pope, and before the novel is done, his intimately described crisis of private conscience becomes a not-so-hypothetical crisis of world politics.

Roots of Decay. In *The Ambassador*, West has all but abandoned the hypothetical. Once again his hero is the middle-aged man of intelligence and high attainment who is facing his psychological climacteric. Maxwell Gordon Amberley is a career Foreign Service officer and Old Far Eastern hand. While he was serving in Japan, his wife died and he became a convert to Zen Buddhism; such are the personal roots of his spiritual crisis and subsequent breakdown. But the personal story of Amberley is far overshadowed by the public story of the American official, for as the action starts, Amberley is named U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam.

The South Viet Nam of the novel is governed by "President Cung," who is the double of the late Ngo Dinh Diem; an army coup against him is brewing. It is Amberley's job to bring the fiercely independent Cung and his policies under U.S. control or, failing that, to back the army coup. After open negotiations and private appeals with an obnoxious CIA skulduggery, Amberley does fail with President Cung; the coup does take place exactly along the lines of the one that deposed and murdered Diem.

Was U.S. policy correct? Did Amberley carry it out wisely? Or was he to blame for impetuosity and arrogance that made it impossible for Cung to cooperate—and thus did he cause Cung's death? If Amberley had behaved more in accord with his own inner vision of his true Zen self, would the outcome have been different? Crushed between the millstones of public events and his private convictions of failure, Am-

berley agonizes in self-doubt, comes near to "psychotic" collapse, at length quits public life to find peace in a Zen monastery.

Religious Alarums. Almost from the beginning, the reader is writhing in doubt too, but of another kind. Author West is an Australian, widely traveled in the Far East, who knew Ngo Dinh Diem and came to admire him. "Cung," visualized as a remote and complex man, is a half-created shadow who is nonetheless the only real hero of the book.

As for the Americans, the best of them—conspicuously excepting the amoral, opportunistic CIA chief—are not merely questioning U.S. policy in Viet Nam and probing for the causes of failure, but are convinced at heart that the U.S. course is wrong. Whatever else it may be, West's novel is clearly a celebration of the dead Diem, and a political tract reflecting a strong viewpoint.

As a tract, the novel's message is that U.S. connivance at the ousting and murder of Diem was immoral, unwise, and possibly fatal to all further hope of saving South Viet Nam for the West. All these points are certainly arguable and may well even be true. But West does not argue them. The crippling difficulty with the book is that it assumes what it pretends to prove, offering the illusion but not the substance of illumination.

Twitches & Jumps. Only by the end, however, does the most fundamental doubt emerge. *The Ambassador* claims to be a variant of that novel of religious crisis that West has written before. But this time the claim is spurious. Though Maxwell Amberley twitches and jumps to plenty of religious alarums, the genuine spiritual conflicts never quite make it onto the stage. Instead, big worldly events distract the reader from his wholly justified suspicion that the business of the soul is being carried on in false coin.

King Hob

ROBERT BRUCE by G.W.S. Barrow. 502 pages. University of California. \$7.50.

On Aug. 23, 1305, while thousands jeered, a fearless Scot named William Wallace, the heart and soul of his country's resistance to the conquering English, was dragged through the streets of London behind a horse, hanged by the neck, cut down while still alive, disemboweled, decapitated with a bloody great cleaver, hacked into four chunks and sent home to Scotland severally.

In the death of Wallace, all reasonable Scotsmen saw the death of Scotland. But they were wrong. They reckoned without a thoroughly unreasonable Scotsman named Robert the Bruce, a 31-year-old firebrand with energy to burn, military and political genius to fan the flames, and a hereditary claim to the throne of Scone that set the firths on fire. In a quarter-century of ferocious fighting he drove the English out of Scotland, broke his domestic enemies in a bloody civil war, founded a dynasty that endured for four centuries, and bequeathed to his countrymen their national epic.

Ghastly & Glorious. As an epic, the legend of the Bruce ranks among the noblest achievements of medieval romance; as history, it is miserably beset with errors. Recent researches suggest that the history of the Scottish war of independence must be considerably rewritten, and in this volume a Scottish professor has manfully attempted the task. He summarily deflates the theory that Bruce was merely an ambitious feudal magnate, effectively demonstrates that his movement was fundamentally powered by a patriotic passion for "the community of the realm of Scotland." At times the book is clotted with corrigenda, but it tells the ghastly and glorious old story with new vigor and delight.

Ghastly indeed is the beginning of the tale. On Feb. 10, 1306, Bruce fell upon his principal political rival, John Comyn of Badenoch, and stabbed him to death before the altar of a village church. Crowned King at Scone, he promptly sent to warn England's Edward I that "he would defend himself with the longest stick he had." Edward, the master of a nation six times the size of tiny (pop. 400,000) Scotland, disdainfully instructed his legate in Scotland to "burn and slay and raise dragon" in the land. On June 19, at Methven field, the English scattered the rebel forces with great slaughter. King Robert's wife, daughter and sister were captured—in the spirit of fair prey, the English shut his sister up in a cage and hung her for several months on the walls of Roxburgh Castle. The King fled headlong to the Irish Sea, and for five fateful months was lost to history.

Royal Yoke! In that time an arrogant young upstart was transformed into a chastened commander with an



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inglorious but practical strategy: fight in small detachments, hit and run, scorch the earth, demolish captured castles. In a single year of maniacal activity and stunning hardship, Bruce reconquered two-thirds of Scotland and during the next five years he successfully reduced almost all the major English fortresses north of the border. "On any showing," says Historian Barrow, "this must be reckoned one of the great military enterprises of British history."

In 1314, however, the English marched north under Edward II to make an end of the wild laird they called "King Hob"—the royal yokel. The armies met at Bannockburn, a village before Stirling Castle. In the opening skirmish, King Robert was caught alone in an open strath, by an English knight who leveled his lance and charged in for the kill. As the Scottish host stared stupefied, Bruce lightly eluded the lance and then brought his battle-axe down with such force that the English knight was split from skull to saddle.

The rest of the battle took much the same course. It was fought on a site of the canny Scot's selection: a dry field bordered on two sides by sodden carseland. The front was so narrow that the English could not bring up archers or engines. It was the English cavalry against the Scottish schiltrom (shield ring), and for the first time in British history the schiltrom carried the day.

With all thar mycht and all thar mayne

Thai layd on, as men out of wit. Edward and his knights fled the field so fast that, according to a 14th century chronicle, they "had not even leisure to make water."

Bannockburn broke the English hold in Scotland. In 1327, the stupid Edward was at last deposed—and somewhat later dispatched with a red-hot poker that was rammed up his rectum. In 1328, the two powers signed a treaty that recognized Scotland as an independent state and Bruce as its rightful monarch. The next year, "Guid King Robert" died of leprosy. His work was done—indeed, done better than he knew. Three centuries later, in 1603, his great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson, James Stewart, was crowned King of England.

Max's Shrine

MAX by David Cecil. 507 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95.

Sir Max Beerbohm barely deserved, and did not desire, a place in English literature. He was an ephemeral talent, applied to composition so frail that the winds of time have blown most of his work away. The literate Beerbohm is remembered chiefly for *Zuleika Dobson*, his comic novel of Oxford, and his graceful caricatures of the leading figures of his day. Sir Max was also one of the most delightful human beings



Chimbote, Peru



Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

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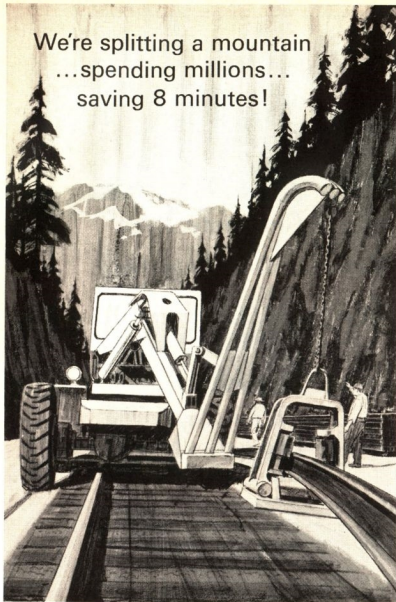
A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

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who ever lived: tolerant, unassuming, a witty conversationalist, unfailingly kind. To know Max was to cherish him, and as a consequence, his friends and admirers have converted his niche into something of a shrine.

Touching Glimpses. Now Lord David Cecil, whose earlier works apostrophized such eminences as Melbourne, Dickens, Cowper, Thackeray and Hardy, has lighted a long memorial candle for little Max. It is entirely a labor of love, suggested to him by Lady Beerbohm in 1956, the year Max died. "She told me," says Cecil in the preface, "that her husband had wished me to write his biography." Cecil regarded it as both an honor and a command.

Discharging the commission proved difficult in one respect. "Max's life was



BEERBOHM BY BEERBOHM

Candle for an elegant bystander.

so uneventful," Biographer Cecil soon discovered, "that it is almost impossible to make a story of it." Max took the role of elegant bystander, frequenting the best tables, polishing a few literary trifles, contentedly obscure in the shadow of greater men. In 1910, at 38, he married Florence Kahn, a painfully shy American actress, and left England for Rapallo, Italy. Forty-six years later, still in retirement, he died.

This undramatic story is warmed by the affection that Biographer Cecil clearly felt for Max and that Max so easily kindled in all who knew him. The book is much too long, fleshed out by generous excerpts from the Beerbohm works, each analyzed and explained to the point of tedium. But in between, there are touching glimpses of the top-hatted dandy whose meane was as slender as his gifts: the impeccable Max was compelled to iron his own suits.

Graceful Gestures. "Oh, please treat it as a loan!" cried the young Max, in an agony of embarrassment when the firemen who had quenched a chimney fire in the Beerbohm parlor coldly declined

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a tip. An admirer of Oscar Wilde, Max unhesitatingly and uncritically stood by him in his time of disgrace. A kindred tolerance let him forgive Constance Collier, the actress who jilted him almost as soon as they became engaged. "Of course I don't blame her the very least," he wrote to a friend.

Dying in Rapallo, Sir Max sought only to lift the spirits of his survivors with graceful gestures and jests. "How different," he murmured, turning away with a groan from food he could not eat, "from the sounds made by the lions at feeding time!" The widowed Max's last act was one of kindness: he married his nurse-companion to assure her title to his modest estate.

The Great Misadventure

RUSSIAN AMERICA by Hector Chevinoy. 274 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

A century ago, Russia and the U.S. were next-door neighbors. Fort Ross, the southernmost outpost of Russia's vast American colony, lay only 100 miles up the California coast from San Francisco. American ships regularly anchored at New Archangel (now Sitka), a thriving capital that boasted two scientific institutes, a public library, a college, and such civilized amusements as the theater, whist parties and formal balls. Then in 1867, Russia ceded its American possession to the U.S. for \$7,200,000—a price that comes to about \$12 per square mile. It was the crowning irony of one of the more ironic chapters in Russian history. For Russia did not really want to sell Alaska—any more than the U.S. really wanted to buy.

Sought Bridge. Perhaps the first irony was that private Russian initiative developed Alaska for the imperialist Czars. In 1741, when Russia sent two ships east from the Kamchatka peninsula in Siberia, it was interested mainly in settling a debate over the existence of a land link between Asia and America.

That first voyage contributed nothing to either side of the argument. But by avoiding the treacherous northern route, which would have taken them to that point where Asia and America nearly touch, the voyagers found the more southerly Aleutian Islands chain. And Siberia's *promyshlenniki* (freelance explorers) drooled at the thought of the cargo brought back by the crew: fox, seal and other pelts. Soon these 18th century venture capitalists, some in flimsy river boats that were bound with leather thongs, were spanning the 1,500 sea miles to the Aleutian fingertip and beyond.

Although they sent home a fortune in furs, the colonists were repaid largely with official indifference and hostility. "It is for traders to traffic where they please," pronounced the Empress Catherine. "I will furnish no men, ships, or money." Not until 1810, nearly 70 years after Russian eyes first beheld America, did a ship from the imperial navy enter New Archangel harbor, and then only



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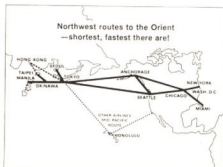
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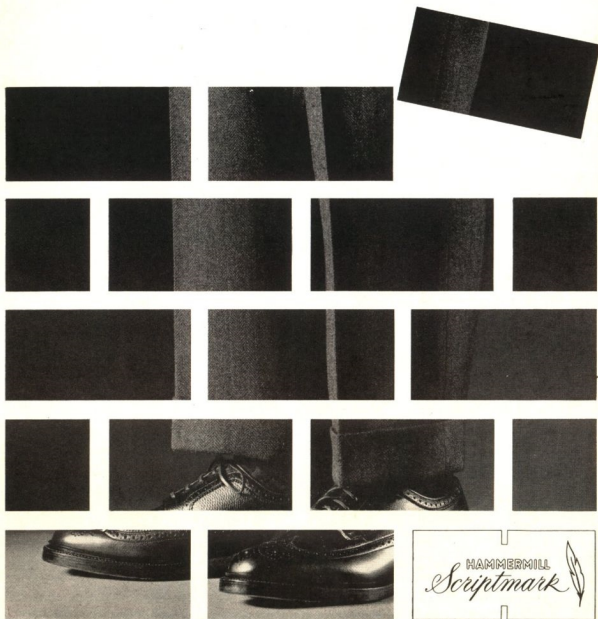
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